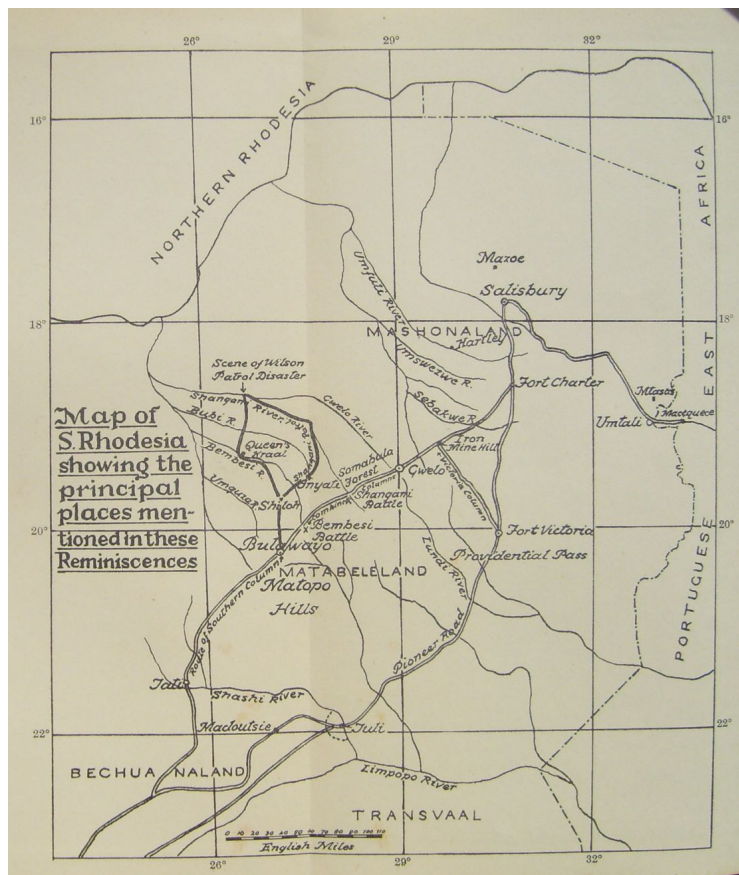


RHODESIAN GENESIS

written by
NEVILLE JONES
for the
RHODESIA PIONEERS' AND EARLY SETTLERS'
SOCIETY



With a foreword by Sir Robert Tredgold, K.C.M.G.





THE RT. HON. CECIL JOHN RHODES, P.C.
One of the last portraits taken of him just prior to his death in 1902
(Photograph supplied by Mr. Aston Pedrup)

RHODESIAN GENESIS

The Story of the Early Days of Southern Rhodesia compiled from the
Reminiscences of some of the Pioneers by Neville JONES, O.B.E., F.R.A.I.

for the

Rhodesia Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society

with a Foreword by

SIR Robert TREDGOLD, K.C.M.G.

Chief justice of Southern Rhodesia and Honorary President of the Society

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FOREWORD

One of the principal objects of the Rhodesia Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society is to record the history of the early occupation of the country, and the Society has long projected a collection of pioneer reminiscences, but there have been many difficulties. Some of these, due to the fact that the pioneers were men of deeds rather than men of words, are mentioned in the text of this volume. But it was felt that the Rhodes Centenary should not be allowed to pass without an effort in this direction. This book is the result.

Mr Neville Jones has made the best use of such material as is available. Personal recollections can only be fully appreciated against a more general background. Most skilfully he has woven the individual narrative into the general pattern. He has avoided repetition and discursiveness, but has retained the personal touch that is the real object of this publication.

Here, presented as a writing, are a series of sidelights upon history, most revealing in their nature. The characteristic of these stories is personal modesty. Yet, in their untutored relation, they bring most vividly before us a daily round in which hardship and deprivation are accepted without complaint, and danger and death are faced with unassuming courage. No formal history, however powerfully written, could convey, in quite the same way, the resolution, the steadfastness and the constancy that went to the making of this country.

Mr Neville Jones has served Rhodesia long and faithfully, as a missionary, as an archaeologist and as a historian. He was admirably fitted for the task he undertook and we are grateful for the manner in which he has performed it. We are grateful too for the co-operation of officials of the Central African Archives. Not least we are grateful to the pioneers who made the effort to record their experiences for the benefit of posterity.

R. C. TREDGOLD. *Salisbury, December 8th, 1952*

LIST OF THE PIONEERS WHOSE REMINISCENCES HAVE BEEN DRAWN UPON IN THE COMPILATION OF THIS BOOK WITH BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS

Major William James Boggie, M.L.A. Born in Edinburgh. Served for 10 years with the Australian Commonwealth Forces in Queensland. Came to Rhodesia in 1894. Served through the 1896 Rebellion when he commanded a squadron of the Bechuanaland Field Force. Served also in the South African War with the 3rd Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. Settled in Gwelo. Took part in the Great War of 1914-18. Was editor of the *Gwelo Times* for many years, and was a prominent Freemason. Elected to the Legislative Assembly in 1920 and later to the Rhodesian Parliament as member for the Midlands. Died in 1928.

Edwin Eugene Bradfield (1869-1951). Born at Clumber, Cape Colony. A descendant of an 1820 Settler family. Left Kimberley for Rhodesia in May, 1893, as a member of the 'Somerset Trek' under Jack Carruthers. Served with Major Kirton in the Victoria Column, 1893. Later became the first trader in the Shiota Reserve, Marandellas district, where he remained for 28 years. Died at his farm near Salisbury.

Jack Carruthers (1863-1951). Born at Grahamstown. Was first connected with the Colony in 1884 when in the Postal Service in Kimberley. Subsequently met Cecil Rhodes to whom he acted as guide and interpreter. Was engaged in intelligence work until the Pioneer Column was formed. Journeyed independently and joined the Column at the Shashi river in May 1890. Arrived in Salisbury in June 1891. At Allan Wilson's request he raised the Victoria Scouts which he led throughout the Matabele War of 1883. Was first prospector at the Angwa river in 1891, and, in 1902, crossed the Zambesi prospecting for copper when he cut the road from Sinoia towards the Zambesi. He was one of the best-known prospectors in the Colony and made his last prospecting trip in his 85th year. Died at Banket.

Colonel Johann Colenbrander, C. B. (1855-1918). One of the most colourful personalities of the early days. We first hear of him in this country in 1889 when he accompanied two Indunas, emissaries of Lobengula, to England (with E. A. Maund) as interpreter, and he played a prominent part in subsequent happenings. When peace was established he became managing director of a mining syndicate. He was at one time Chief Native Commissioner of Matabeleland, and was present at the 'Rhodes Indaba' in the Matopo Hills. Joined Kitchener's bodyguard during the Boer War and raised a body known as 'Kitchener's Scouts'. Died at Henley-on-Klip, Transvaal, while taking part in a film, *The Symbol of Sacrifice*. Before coming to this country he took part in the Zulu War and was an expert native linguist.

Lionel Cripps, C.M.G. (1864-1950). Came to Rhodesia with the Pioneer Column in 1890. Engaged in prospecting, and later settled at Umtali. Was a member of the Manicaland Expedition. First Speaker of the Southern Rhodesia Parliament. Died at Umtali.

James Dawson (1851-1921). Born in Scotland. Arrived in South Africa in 1876. From 1877 to 1884 he lived in Bechuanaland and acted as secretary to Chief Khama. In 1886, in partnership with Fairbairn, he opened a trading store at Bulawayo. He was liked and trusted by Lobengula for whom he mined gold in Mashonaland in 1890. He visited the scene of the Shangani Patrol disaster in 1890 and buried the remains. During the Rebellion he took a prominent part in the defence of Bulawayo.

Afred Drew (1871-1933). Was a member of the British South Africa Company's Police and came to the Colony with the Pioneer Column in 1890. Took part in the Matabele War and served during the Rebellion with distinction. He later entered the Civil Service and was for many years Native

Commissioner at Fort Victoria, and later Native Commissioner and Magistrate at Mazoe. Died at Salisbury.

Major Walter Howard, D.S.O. (1865-1949). Born at Barnes, Surrey. Served with the Southern Column during the Matabele War and was a member of the Shangani Patrol. Also served during the Rebellion and later during the Boer War. He gained his D.S.O. at Spion Kop. Died in Bulawayo.

John Meikle (1868-1949). Born in Natal and came to the Colony shortly after the entry of the Pioneer Column. Served in the Victoria Defence Force during the Matabele War. Was engaged in trading operations in partnership with his brother, Tom Meikle. Settled in Umtali where he died.

Captain Henry Southey Maelear Montogue (1854-1932). Born at Mowbray. Joined the Cape Civil Service in 1869. Took part in the Basuto War and transferred to the Cape Police where he remained until 1890 when he joined the Pioneer Column and served as corporal of scouts under F. C. Selous. Joined the Department of Mines and acted as Mining Commissioner in 1896. Commanded the Umtali district during the Rebellion. Later took part in mining operations. Died at his home near Salisbury.

Hugh Pollett. Came out from England in 1894 and engaged in mining operations. He took part in the Mazoe Patrol and later became a stockbroker in Salisbury. (It is to be regretted that it has not been possible to obtain further information).

Theodore William Posselt, better known as *Willie Posselt* (1871 - 1938). Born at New Germany, near Pinetown, Natal. Came first to Mashonaland in 1888, and, on his second visit with his brother Harry,

he visited Zimbabwe. He was a big game hunter and later mined at Felixburg near Fort Victoria, where he died.

Richard Frank Rand, M.D. F.R.C.S. Landed in South Africa in 1889 with an introduction to Rhodes who offered him the medical charge of the B.S.A.Co Police Column in 1890. With Mother Patrick he started the first hospital in Salisbury. Became first Chairman of the Salisbury Sanitary Board, the predecessor of the Municipality. Served in the South African War and with the South African Forces during the Great War of 1914-18, from which he retired with the rank of Lieut-Colonel. He returned to Rhodesia, but later retired overseas where he died.

Benjamin 'Matabele' Wilson. Born in Cumberland in 1861. Arrived in South Africa in 1881 and went to the Kimberley Diamond Fields. Served on Warren's Expedition in 1885 and went to the Makarikari Pan with Colonel Carrington in 1886. Left Johannesburg with A. Boggie and Cooper-Chadwick for Bulawayo in March 1888. Arrived in Salisbury in 1890 shortly after the arrival of the Pioneer Column. After a visit to England he went again to Bulawayo in 1893. Joined the Victoria Column during the Matabele War and later served during the Matabele Rebellion. He took to farming and, from 1914 to 1922, was Manager of the northern section of Rhodesdale Ranch. Mr Wilson is now living at the Cape.

INTRODUCTION

Potted History Is Proverbially Dull, A Mass Of Events unilluminated by the sidelights which make the human scene a living reality.

Dr Sidney BERRY

The need for what might be called a personal account of the formative period of Rhodesian history, compiled from the actual reminiscences of those who took part in it, has long been felt, and attention has been frequently drawn to it in the press. As long ago as 1910 a movement took place, at the instigation of the Rhodesian Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society, to gather and collate the personal reminiscences of the pioneers of whom, at that time, there were several still living. The late Mr R. N. Hall then undertook to carry out this task, but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, nothing was done, and if Mr Hall succeeded in obtaining any information of value, it is now lost to us.

It is now more than sixty years since the Pioneer Column entered this country and the chance of obtaining any more first-hand information of historical value from this source has been reduced to a minimum. The only possible source of information now available is to be found in such documents as have been preserved in the Central African Archives, and the only way in which they could be conveniently studied was to pay a visit to Salisbury. This I did, and, through the kindness of the Chief Archivist, Mr V. W. Hiller, I was made free of such material as was available.

I carefully read the sets of personal reminiscences I found there together with a few other personal papers of a similar nature and, though I discovered nothing startlingly new, I found myself looking at the pioneer period from a different and more personal angle. The net result I have tried to set down in readable and, I trust, profitable form in the hope that my readers may experience in some degree what I

myself experienced in doing so-an undefinable sensation of contact with the pioneer period as though I myself had been an actor in it.

That so few personal reminiscences have been bequeathed to us by the pioneers and early settlers is hardly a matter of great surprise. They were modest and unassuming people who would naturally have been averse to placing on paper any anecdotes which might be interpreted as an effort on their part to blow their own trumpets. Their numbers included no great diarists to jot down the daily happenings. None of them were literary men and what little material they have given us was for the most part written long after the events took place. Nevertheless, had they realised how valuable every scrap of information about their times and doings would be to succeeding generations, it is conceivable that more of them would have left us records of their daily life and experiences. They did not of course realise that they were making history as they toiled to establish themselves in a new country. I was amused by the statement of one pioneer who, in his application for membership of the Society, stated that his career had been 'neither brilliant, interesting, nor profitable'. Nor are we today in any better case. How few of us are alive to the fact that we are, each one of us, daily engaged in making history, nor do we pause to think that what are to us insignificant events will be of immense interest in a hundred years' time.

Articles by pioneers have from time to time appeared in the press where they have always been a welcome feature. These, however, I have 'taken as read', preferring to confine myself to those reminiscences which have been deliberately written for permanent preservation. To have attempted to embody all that has ever been written would have more than doubled the size of this volume and would hardly have added greatly to the information herein contained. 'Pioneers' stories' are sometimes spoken of as though they must only be accepted with reservation until verified by historical research. In this connection I can only say that I have every reason to believe that those whose experiences are here recounted are unimpeachable witnesses.

I wish it to be clearly understood that this little book is not to be regarded as a history of the Pioneer Period of Southern Rhodesia. The period has been written up by many competent historians in the fullest detail, and to attempt to add anything to what has been already said would be mere presumption on my part. This must be regarded as an appendix to history and nothing more. True, I have been forced to make use of history in order to provide a skeleton structure on which to hang these reminiscences, but it is no more than a skeleton, except perhaps in the earliest period which is very poorly documented. When I have made statements or offered comments I have done so only in order to bridge a hiatus or maintain the sequence. It has been my constant endeavour to let our Pioneers speak for themselves and thus build up their own sequence in the actual words they have written. As a background the reader should try to imagine himself in a wild and almost untrodden country inhabited by savages, many of whom had never previously seen a white man. All travelling must be done by compass as there are no roads. Lions and every kind of wild game roam everywhere, and constant watch must be kept for the former while the latter constitute the main, and often the only, source of food. For the little luxuries of life it is necessary to await the arrival of an occasional trader's transport wagon, and to acquire them you must be ready to pay fantastic prices which put present day high prices entirely in the shade. You must expect recurrent attacks of malaria and know what it is to sleep on the veld without covering during the rainy season. You must moreover be ready to meet and deal with every emergency. You will thus the better be able to appreciate and enjoy what the pioneers have to tell you.

I have illustrated the book with a small selection of contemporary photographs. These are 'pioneer reminiscences' in the truest sense, and I hope that they will assist the reader to form a sufficiently accurate picture of our early days.

For us today the Pioneer Period is one of enthralling interest and the more we learn of it, the more we respect those intrepid souls who ventured into the unknown and struggled on in the face of seemingly overwhelming obstacles to establish the country we are proud to call our own. Their history is one of

fortitude and suffering patiently endured for the object of establishing civilised life in a part of Africa hitherto given up to savagery and bloodshed. That they succeeded we today are the living evidence. Of the pioneer days of many countries we know nothing and there is therefore all the more reason why we should put down in printed form our own record if only as a beginning, which can be added to later in the unlikely event of any new material being discovered. To those who have set down their reminiscences we owe a great debt of gratitude.

I am indebted to Mr W. D. Gale for permission to use the maps in his book, *One Man's Vision*, as a basis for my own, and to many others who have given me advice and assistance. To them all I tender my grateful thanks.

Neville JONES

CHAPTER ONE

THE BEGINNING OF WHITE SETTLEMENT

On Monday, the 26th December, 1859, six wagons outspanned in the Inyati Valley. Their occupants were William Sykes, John S. Moffat and Thomas Morgan Thomas and their wives who, under the leadership of Dr. Robert Moffat, had come to establish a mission among the Matabele, having been sent out from England for that purpose by the London Missionary Society. They had gathered at Cape Town in July 1858, and had journeyed first to Kuruman, the headquarters of Dr Robert Moffat, where they arrived in December of that year. From thence they trekked to the then unknown country of the Matabele with two years' supply of stores. Much of their journey took them through deep sand and they knew what it was to be without water for days at a time. For four months they plodded on in burning heat until at length they reached the Matabele outposts, buoyed up by the expectation of a warm welcome from the Matabele King, Mzilikazi,

who had taken the trouble to send them a message in the early stages of their journey - 'The king longs exceedingly to look on the face of Mtjete (Moffat) again'. When lung sickness broke out among their cattle as they neared Matabeleland, they sent a message forward to the king asking him for clean oxen to enable them to complete their journey. These the King sent in the shape of a regiment of his soldiers who inspanned themselves and dragged the wagons forward. They came in sight of the king's kraal when they reached the Bembezi River. He was there with his cattle, having left his royal kraal at Inyati to obtain a little respite from the cares of state. He gave them a welcome but his subsequent treatment of them fell far short of their expectations. He refused their requests for grain and milk, probably for the reason that his requests to be given nearly everything the little band had brought with them were refused. Having still not arrived at their destination they were obliged to await the king's royal pleasure before they could proceed further.

Mzilikazi was, in the truest sense, a heathen despot who kept order among his unruly subjects by a system of iron discipline at once cruel and vindictive, but it needs to be said in his favour, he had contracted a strong friendship with Robert Moffat the reason for which is hard to discover. It certainly was not because he obtained much material wealth from the old Missionary who was first and foremost an uncompromising evangelist with no business in life but the conversion of the heathen. Moffat was statesman enough to know that if he could only achieve the conversion of the king, he would be able to gain the attention of the Matabele people, who would not have dared to give him a hearing unless with the king's consent.

Moffat visited Mzilikazi when he was living in the Transvaal in 1829, and in 1835. He then visited him in 1854 and 1857, when he had established himself in this country, the latter occasion being in order to obtain his consent for the starting of the mission. On each of these occasions he was welcomed, but his hopes to

convert the king proved fruitless. He nevertheless became Mzilikazi's trusted friend and we can only attribute this to the impact of Moffat's outstanding personality. He never compromised with what he believed to be right nor did he hesitate to tell the king exactly what he thought of him if occasion arose.

Before we continue with this narrative it is desirable that we should know something of the background against which these earliest pioneers are silhouetted, and some acquaintance with the Matabele is essential to a proper understanding of subsequent events.

Mzilikazi, the founder of the Matabele nation, a chief of the Ndandwe tribe which lived in Zululand, was, according to an authoritative account, attacked by the all conquering Tjaka, who largely occupied himself in subduing neighbouring people and absorbing them into the Zulu nation. Mzilikazi, seeing that resistance was hopeless, fled with his tribesmen with the intent to seek out for them a place where they could dwell in safety. This was in 1817, and for the

next quarter of a century, Mzilikazi knew no permanent resting place.

We will not attempt here to give an account of his journeyings but, until he and his people finally settled themselves in the country of the Makalanga people, he was a wanderer. As he moved towards his ultimate destination he had waged constant warfare on the hapless people he encountered, and had carried them away with him to augment the comparatively small army with which he had started out. He finally decided to settle at Inyati in the heart of the country of the Barozwi who had been decimated and driven out by the Swazis under Queen Nyamazana sometime previously.

And so, at Inyati, the first European families to settle in what is today Southern Rhodesia established themselves, the king having sent word that the Inyati valley and fountain were at the service of Mtjete, as he called Moffat. There on the banks of the Nkwinkwizi river they built their simple homes of sun-dried brick, plastered within and lime-washed. The roofs were of rough timbers, and thatch. The windows were

'glazed' with calico and the floors were of beaten clay smeared with cow-dung. They enjoyed no amenities such as we today consider indispensable, but there was no grumbling on that account. They were people with a mission, and they were fully prepared to put up with every inconvenience so long as they were able to carry out their purpose which was to preach the gospel to the Matabele people. Moffat was a tremendous worker and he expected the same zeal and energy from his colleagues-his 'children' as Mzilikazi called them. With their help he built a dam and laid out a garden. He busied himself in study, in the writing of his journal, in the saw pit and at the forge. After six months stay with them he had perforce to leave them to return home to Kuruman, his station. He bade farewell to his friend Mzilikazi and he never saw him again.

The three families of missionaries now found themselves alone amongst the Matabele among whom they hoped to plant the seeds of regeneration. Surely no one had ever attempted a more seemingly impossible task. These Matabele people were regarded with very good reason as

the scourge of central South Africa. They had devastated vast tracts of country and massacred or enslaved the inhabitants. They lived by murder and rapine. They spent the winter months of every year in raiding their neighbours, returning home in summer to plant their crops. They were great cattle thieves and amassed great herds at the expense of the neighbouring tribes which lived in daily dread of a Matabele raid. Even Moffat, whom no one could accuse of anything other than the best intentions, was moved to write in his journal 'Such a government needs the axe putting to its root. I have told Mzilikazi before, and may have occasion to tell him again, that his kingdom ... cannot stand.'

I have had the privilege of reading some of the letters written to England by these first missionary settlers, and I did so in the hope that they would reveal some details of their daily lives that might assist us to visualise the conditions under which they lived. They tell us, however, surprisingly little. Like their leader, Robert Moffat, their minds were obsessed by one thing only - the conversion of the Matabele to

Christianity. Constant disappointment and apparent failure did not daunt them, and family bereavement only seemed to strengthen their determination to persevere. Though none of them lived to see any fruit from their self-sacrifice, they did at least leave behind them a record of heroism which we, who today enjoy the amenities of civilisation in a land where they knew nothing but hardship, can only gaze on with amazement and awe. At the beginning of their period of service they discussed with the Directors of the London Missionary Society the living allowance to be paid to them, it having been left to their discretion to suggest a suitable sum which would meet their living expenses. After careful consideration they wrote home to say that they considered £150 per annum would be the minimum on which they could exist. After a long drought, they said, they had made the discovery that they could not altogether depend on reaping abundant harvests and they were therefore led to make this somewhat heavy demand!

Mrs Thomas died at Inyati in 1862. Mr Thomas subsequently married again, and later parted from the London Missionary Society and settled at Shiloh where he died in 1884. J. S. Moffat who was destined to play a prominent part in later developments, left Inyati in September, 1865. Sykes alone of the three original pioneers, lived on at Inyati, where he was joined by Thomson in 1874 and Elliott in 1877. He died there on 22nd July, 1887. None of these first settlers reaped any reward from their selfsacrifice and devotion.

Inyati therefore has the honour of having been the first white settlement to be established in Matabeleland. The second was Mangwe, where John Lee settled with his wife and eight children, in 1863. Mrs J. M. Boggie, in her valuable book, *First Steps in Civilizing Rhodesia*, gives much interesting information about the Lees and their subsequent history. It will suffice to note here that Lee, a man of remarkable prowess, gained the confidence of Mzilikazi who gave him permission to settle in Matabele territory, and his

house was frequently visited by early travellers coming into the country.

Mzilikazi died on the 9th September, 1868, at Hlahlandlela on Sauerdale farm on the fringe of the Matopos where a memorial has been erected to him. He was succeeded by his son Lobengula who established himself at another site on Sauerdale and called his kraal 'Bulawayo'. When the king took up his residence there the London Mission felt it desirable that it should be represented by a Missionary, and a member of the Inyati mission, J. B. Thomson, was appointed for this purpose. He then established the Hope Fountain Mission, the third white settlement, where he was joined in 1875 by C. D. Helm. Thomson left the country in 1877 to found a new Mission in Central Africa and he died at Ujiji in 1878.

Space does not permit a more detailed account of the lives and doings of the earliest settlers nor is it pertinent for our present purpose that we should do so. It will suffice here to remark that, with the exception of the Mangwe settlement, the only white families living in

Southern Rhodesia prior to the signing of the Rudd Concession in 1888, were missionary families, and though they did not succeed in making converts of the natives (which was emphatically not their fault) they undoubtedly played an important part in the European settlement of our country. Not only have they left behind them an imperishable record but they established families which have contributed largely to our growth and development. Their names are writ large in the Colony's history. My task here is not to write a history of the London Mission but rather to emphasise the place it played in our early history. Not only did its missionaries fight successfully with the existing conditions with which they were cabined and confined but they always enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the ruling king of the Matabele who, even if he did not give them much encouragement in their task of spreading the gospel, was always on friendly terms with them and never hesitated to turn to them for advice whenever he needed it.

Our brief record of the earliest days would be incomplete without a mention of a few other residents who came with missionary intention in the early days of Lobengula's reign. They were Catholic Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Close by the site of Old Bulawayo, which is today marked only by the walls of a brick stable built for Lobengula by a run-away sailor, still remembered in native tradition as 'Johnnie Mubi', there is the remains of a small stone house in the midst of a thicket of prickly pear. It was built by Father Prestage, S.J. to accommodate a Catholic Missionary and it was occupied by Father Bartholomew Kroot, S.J., who lived there for three years and died there in 1885. He is buried in the adjacent burial ground together with his one convert who was a leper. While it is hardly correct to describe these worthy missionaries as settlers, I should be sorry to miss this opportunity to do honour to brave men.

The isolation of these first settlers was complete but for the occasional arrival of travellers who brought them letters from home and gave them news of the outside world. These

were for the most part hunters such as 'Old Baas' Hartley, George Woods, 'Elephant' Phillips, and F. C. Selous of whom we shall hear more later, and an occasional prospector such as Thomas Baines. There appeared to be little difficulty in obtaining permission from the king to hunt, but prospecting was frowned upon, since, if it produced results, it would mean the opening up of gold mines, the possibility of which the king viewed with anxiety. To all and sundry who ventured into Matabele country the mission stations at Inyati and Hope Fountain hospitably opened their doors. The kindness they received is abundantly testified to in the records their visitors have left behind them.

CHAPTER TWO

THE RHODES-RUDD CONCESSION

Obengula was a very different man from his father Mzilikazi. This may probably be accounted for owing to the fact that he had an entirely new set of conditions with which to contend. Not only had he to control his savage subjects

but he had to face up to political considerations of which his father knew nothing. Mtompe Kumalo, a native informant of royal blood, is of the opinion that he 'started off all wrong' and that he 'opened the door to weakness in the nation'. He was the son of a Swazi mother, which made him a halfcaste in the eyes of the aristocrats of the nation, and he may thus have suffered from an inferiority complex. Lobengula, says Kumalo, had neither the sense of justice nor the knowledge nor the wisdom wherewith to preserve the integrity of the Matabele nation; he lent a ready ear to scandal and was always ready to listen to what the witchdoctors had to say. He was moreover guilty of a number of murders which were unjust in the eyes of his people, and for these they did not forgive him. He evinced little interest in tradition and took no trouble to acquire the art of government. As king, however, his people gave him unswerving loyalty.

In contrast to this, it is interesting to relate the opinion of a white man who had intimate

contact with Lobengula. One of those who came to Bulawayo in 1888 with a view to obtaining a concession to prospect for gold from Lobengula was Mr B. 'Matabele' Wilson. He lived there for two years and three months during which time he had intimate contact with the king and ample opportunity of forming an opinion of him. When, in 1945, a little book called *My Friend Kumalo* was published, Mr Wilson, to whom a copy was sent, wrote in a private letter to the author:

'For 6 years I knew the king and for nearly three years in 1888, 1889 and 1890, I saw him daily at times, and also in 1893 before his downfall. Many times have I seen Lobengula laughing and enjoying jokes and talks. He was nearly always approachable and rarely have I seen him not wishing to see anyone except at times when there were long talks going on between him and his indunas, or when suffering from gout or very sore eyes, the latter mainly caused by the dust and flies in the goat kraal. Only once have I ever seen him lose his temper and only twice when he was afraid of his power to control his people.

I never knew or saw Lobengula take spirits of any kind and only once a sip of champagne on St Patrick's Day, 1890. I never saw him under the influence of drink of any kind and there was never any heavy beer-drinking at the king's kraal. Indunas wanted to keep their heads clear when at the king's and they drank very little. Lobengula had a difficult people to handle and there was no hope of his ever being able to settle things peacefully with the white people. War was the only alternative.

Kumalo was young in these days and did not get the hang of things in the right way. There is a lot of truth in what he says but I differ from him in what he says in his summing up of Lobengula's character. He had a hard time and his people were difficult to control, but he did it at great risk to himself and he was always the white man's friend to the end of his life.'

'Matabele' Wilson, in his reminiscences, thus describes Lobengula:

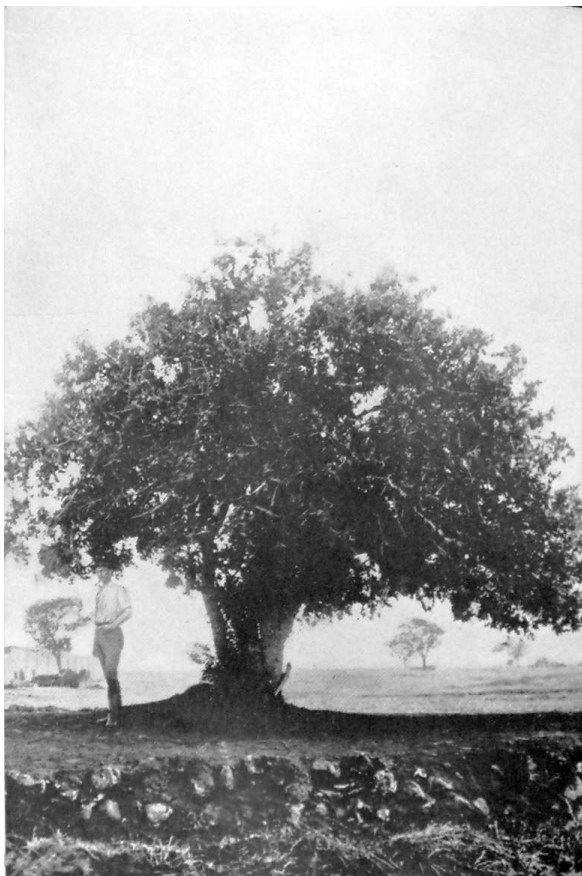
'He seems to be a man of about five feet eleven inches to six feet in height. I suppose being so fat makes his body sag a bit; when

younger and more upright I expect he would have been well over six feet. He was not black as some have described him. He was of a dark bronze colour and, where the skin showed under the folds of flesh it was of a lighter bronze. He was minus one front top tooth and this was very noticeable when he was laughing. His face was on the round side with a few scanty hairs here and there, some of them white, showing perhaps that he was (as others up here said also) well over fifty years of age. In the centre of his head he showed a bald patch and the Matabele ring was kept in place with some difficulty by the few scanty hairs left round the top. When sitting down he generally sat with his legs well apart, perhaps to give more ease to his big stomach. When he stood up or walked he looked every inch a king. Being so very fat and heavy his walk was ponderous but dignified, and he planted his feet on the ground as though the earth belonged to him.'

The year 1880 saw Lobengula established at a site just outside the present city of Bulawayo where Government House now stands. Govern-

ment House actually stands on that portion of the great circular kraal where the king lived. There is today nothing left to mark it except the 'Indaba Tree', which stood in a corner of the goat kraal, under which the king held his court. Lobengula had moved from the first Bulawayo on Sauerdale owing to the failure of the water supply, and in his new home he had an adjacent spring which sufficed for the needs of the town practically the whole year round. It is, however, quite dry today and it is even difficult to locate its exact position.

Wilson thus describes the second Bulawayo : 'The town itself is a large military kraal, about one and a half miles in circumference, surrounded by a fence made partly of poles and partly of thornbush. Immediately inside the fence are the huts, about six deep. On the inner side of the huts there is a large open space and in the centre of this is the king's "isigodlo" which is the abode of the king and his army of wives and followers. The latter is strongly pallisaded round with a strong fence of poles from 8 to 10 feet high, the fence itself being about six feet in thickness. On



The 'Indaba Tree' in Old Bulawayo. It still stands in the grounds of Government House. (Central African Archives)

the inside of this fence he has a brick house with a verandah running along the front. Opposite this and a little to the right is the King's wagon house, in which he always lives, only at times going into his house during the cold weather, mostly when he needs to make a fire and sit on a chair drinking his much-loved kaffir beer. Behind the wagon house and still to the right is the wonderful goat kraal to which the king can retire and, when he does so, none of his people dare to disturb him without his permission. Here he makes rain and fixes up his medicines and takes his indunas and counsellors into private consultations. Many a poor devil has been condemned to death in that goat kraal long before he has been made aware of it himself.'

There were a few traders scattered about the country. Fairbairn and Dawson lived at Bulawayo, Peterson and Tainton remained behind at Old Bulawayo, and George Martin was at Inyati.

Other traders visited the king from time to time as did the hunters of whom the best known are 'Elephant' Phillips, Selous, Van Rooyen and Hans Lee. These all lived in their wagons and generally travelled with the king when he paid a visit to another place. The presence of Mr and Mrs Helm and Mr and Mrs Carnegie at Hope Fountain Mission must be noted to complete the picture. Mr Helm, perhaps more than any other man, enjoyed the confidence of Lobengula who, knowing that he could be depended upon to give disinterested advice, often consulted him and he made frequent use of him as an interpreter. Wilson says;

'It was a godsend to go to Hope Fountain away from the king's and all the intrigues. They did all they could for one and many a sick man has to thank the missionaries and Mrs Helm and Mrs Carnegie for many acts of kindness shown to them in those days.'

A person of considerable importance who was destined to play a prominent though unsought part in the events that took place in 1888 was the Assistant Commissioner of the Bechuanaland

Protectorate, the Rev J. S. Moffat, was at this time considerable political tension between the British Government and the Transvaal Republic which latter, it would appear from historical evidence, desired to extend its borders and had cast longing eyes in the direction of Matabeleland. A Consul was thereupon appointed by the Republic to take up residence in Matabeleland on the strength of a treaty said to have been drawn up between that same individual on a previous occasion and Lobengula, who emphatically repudiated it. Moffat had spent six years at Inyati which he had left on account of his wife's health, while at the same time expressing his readiness to return if he 'could only have seen any indication of some advance in the accomplishment of our object to make it worth while'. The Directors of the London Missionary Society, however, thought otherwise, and sent him to his father's station, Kuruman, to assist his ageing father who, in 1870, retired to spend the rest of his days in England. In 1879, for reasons that do not concern us here, John Moffat severed his connection with the London Mission and we

hear of him as a Native Commissioner on the Western Border of the Transvaal in 1880. In 1882 he is Resident Magistrate at Maseru in Basutoland and in 1887 is appointed Assistant Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. Though by terms of his appointment he is only supposed to pay an occasional visit to Matabeleland, we find him making no less than six journeys there, and there can be no doubt that his action in concluding a treaty with Lobengula greatly affected subsequent history. He had met Lobengula before. They were very much of an age and, when Moffat left Inyati, Lobengula had all the fire and energy of youth. They met again after the lapse of twenty-two years when Moffat, then at the zenith of his powers, saw a prematurely aged king and was welcomed by him as the son of his father's friend 'Mtjete'.

On the 11th February, 1888, Moffat concluded a treaty with Lobengula which ultimately proved to be of the greatest importance. The gist of it was that Lobengula would promise to 'refrain from entering into any correspondence or treaty with any foreign State or Power to sell, or

alienate, or cede, or permit, or countenance any sale, alienation or cession of the whole of any part of the said Amandebele country under his chieftainship or upon any other subject, without the previous knowledge and sanction of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa.' Moffat, without knowing it, thus paved the way for the next step in the drama-the signing of the Rhodes-Rudd Concession.'

Moffat had arrived to find Lobengula a much-worried man. For many years Matabeleland had been reputed to possess great mineral wealth. Early travellers such as Baines (1870) and Sir John Swinburne (1872) had obtained permission from Lobengula to carry out mining operations in certain districts, and numerous others who penetrated far into the country brought back information about the 'Ancient Workings' they had observed dotted all over it. Carl Mauch, in 1867, explored considerable areas on information supplied him by Henry Hartley and reported excellent prospects.

From ancient historical sources, particularly the early Portuguese travellers, it was abundantly

evident that the gold so freely exported from Sofala was mined in what is today Southern Rhodesia. It is therefore hardly surprising that a considerable number of adventurers, actuated by the discoveries made elsewhere in Southern Africa, should have been attracted to Lobengula's court in the hopes of obtaining from him concessions to mine for gold. With few exceptions these people had neither the knowledge nor financial backing to conduct mining operations but they were actuated more by the possibility of being able to dispose of such concessions to the highest bidder when opportunity arose. Not only did these importunate visitors give Lobengula a great deal of worry and annoyance by their persistent demands, but they fomented feelings among the Matabele which the king had great difficulty in controlling. If the Matabele soldiers had had their way they would have slaughtered every white man, woman and child in the country for they were shrewd enough to realise how these incursions of unwanted foreigners would end. The king had the greatest difficulty in protecting their lives and even

Moffat was doubtful whether he would succeed in doing so.

When Moffat returned to Matabeleland in August 1888, he found a powerful mining syndicate pressing Lobengula for a concession. As the representative of the government he had to watch proceedings very carefully. This syndicate, which later became the Chartered Company, came to Moffat with personal letters of introduction, and he was given instructions to introduce them to the king with a favourable recommendation and then to leave them to work out things for themselves. This they did very successfully seeing that they were able to offer inducements which were quite beyond the scope of the other would-be concessionaires.

In 1888 Lobengula was at Umvutja, which Matabele Wilson calls his 'country residence'. It is a mile or two to the north of Bulawayo on the right bank of the Umguza river. Though no signs of previous habitation remain today, the site is easy of identification. Except at the end of the dry season there is water in the river. Lobengula had no house there but there were many huts for

the accommodation of his wives and slaves. It was usual when the king shifted his quarters, for the white men who wished to maintain contact with him, to accompany him in their wagons. Wilson here met the missionaries Helm and Carnegie and Elliott; Dawson and Usher the traders; Fathers Prestage and Timmons from Empandeni Catholic Mission in the Plumtree District; the hunters 'Elephant' Phillips and Van Rooyen; Mr J. S. Moffat, the Assistant Commissioner in Matabeleland, and others. It was the largest gathering of white people ever seen in Matabeleland and numbered twenty men, three women and two children. By the beginning of October this number was considerably augmented by the number of concession hunters who joined them. In the middle of October, Sir Sidney Shippard, the Administrator of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, arrived with Major Gould-Adams and his suite of seventeen men, with what actual object we do not know except that he desired to keep himself informed of the position in Matabeleland. He wrote a number of confidential reports to the Secretary of State in

London, the contents of which are unknown to us, but he also wrote some very interesting dispatches describing his journey which was made under perilous and irritating conditions. The word got around among the Matabele that Shippard was (I quote from Mather's 'Zambesia') 'a magician possessing the most marvellous and deadly power, and that, though coming to Lobengula in the guise of friendship, he had behind him an immense army destined for the conquest of Matabeleland, which was already advancing in three columns from different directions'. I have it from a creditable source that this suspicion of the object of the Shippard expedition originated from a rumour that the party had with it a 'great gun'. This rumour had its birth in the fact that the expedition possessed a brass water barrel on wheels! The party left on 23rd October, doubtless glad to get away from a country where the white man was so manifestly unpopular. Moffat was in fact expecting a general massacre of the white people at any time, and this might have easily taken place had it not been for the constraining influence of the king.

Cecil John Rhodes, who had come to South Africa in search of health, had, in the course of doing so, laid the foundations of a vast fortune, and became a member of the Cape Parliament in 1881. He belonged to the generation to which it is fashionable today to refer somewhat disparagingly as that of the 'empire builders'; believing, as he and a number of others did, that the more the British sphere of influence was extended the better it would be for the world at large. His greatest ambition was to see the sphere of British domination extended from the Cape to the Zambesi, and northwards to connect up with Egypt. How he set out to achieve this is too long a story to embark upon here. It will suffice to draw attention to the part he played in the Rhodesian story.

When a protectorate had been established in Northern Bechuanaland at the request of Chief Khama, the 'road to the north' was open up to the Matabeleland border, and Rhodes watched with keen interest every development that took place there. The British government of the time was not in the least interested in the acquirement of

fresh territories, bringing additional responsibilities in Africa, and it was evident to Rhodes from the first that any scheme to achieve his object must be privately financed. The founding of the Consolidated Goldfields Company with C. D. Rudd in 1886, was he felt, sufficient to justify a move in the direction of realising his ambition, and in October 1888, he sent Messrs Rudd, Maguire and Thomson to negotiate a mining concession with Lobengula, then already besieged by applications from other people.

Though Rhodes's emissaries were able to hold out a more tempting offer than the other aspiring concessionaires, the task before them was by no means a light one and entailed much patience and perseverance. The concession was eventually drafted, explained in detail to Lobengula and finally signed on the 30th October by the king and by C. D. Rudd, Rochfort Maguire and F. R. Thompson with C. D. Helm and J. D. Dreyer as witnesses. It is of interest here to note that Wilson makes no mention in his diary of the



The European Quarters in old Bulawayo taken in 1893; it was on the site of Sauerstownship. (Central African Archives)

actual event of the signing of the Rhodes-Rudd Concession and it is only logical to deduce that he was unaware of it. He notes that;

'Rudd and his party are just back from the king's ... In the afternoon Rudd left for down country. Dreyer who brought him up is driving him back. Maguire and Thompson are building themselves a hut, so it is quite evident they mean to stay in the country for a time.'

Rudd, had, of course left with the concession in his pocket.

The Concession gave to Messrs Rudd, Maguire and Thompson exclusive charge over all metals and minerals in Matabeleland in return for which the Concessionees undertook to pay to the king £100 per month and give him 1,000 rifles with ammunition and a gull boat on the Zambesi, which last item was later commuted by a payment of £500.

The period immediately before and after the signing of the Concession presents a confused picture of intrigue and counter-intrigue which it is difficult for anyone who was not actually there at the time to visualise. When, however, it was

known that the Concession had been signed, rival factions set to work to try to discredit it. 'The Exploring Company', on the strength of the Moffat Treaty which had secured Matabeleland and Mashonaland to British influence, had entered the lists and had sent its representative, Mr E. A. Maund, to Bulawayo on its behalf. He arrived too late, however, for the RhodesRudd Concession had already been signed. Efforts were then made to discredit the Concession. The king was induced to say that he repudiated the treaty which, it was easy to prove, had been interpreted and fully explained to him by the Rev. C. D. Helm, who had acted as interpreter. This supposed repudiation was hardly strengthened by the fact that the king was already receiving his £100 per month and had arranged to receive a consignment of the rifles promised him. Without going into further detail it will suffice to say here that all efforts to discredit the Concession failed and the Exploring Company then joined up with the Rhodesia Goldfields Company. The persistent crowd of concession

hunters melted away knowing that there was now nothing to be gained by staying on.

On October the 15th, 1889, the Royal Charter was granted and by virtue of its provisions, the British South Africa Company was formed. Cecil Rhodes, having succeeded in amalgamating the diamond industry in Kimberley and floated the De Beers Consolidated Company, was able to command sufficient capital with which to implement the concession, and thereby to assume responsibilities which the British government were themselves unwilling to shoulder. Another step had been taken towards the realisation of Rhodes's great 'Cape to Cairo' scheme.

The granting of the Charter was followed by the sending of a military mission to Lobengula to announce the fact to him officially and to advise him to give his confidence and support to the Company and its representatives in Matabeleland. This information which was written by Lord Knutsford was duly presented to the king by the Rev. J. S. Moffat, then British Resident in Bulawayo, in the presence of the members of the

mission which consisted of two officers and one non-commissioned officer of the Royal Horse Guards who appeared to the great admiration of the natives in full uniform. Wilson says:

'They looked exceptionally clean considering the journey they had just made. The breastplates and helmets flashing in the sun gave them a very striking appearance, if not a very serviceable or war-like one, as they looked in the hot sun as though their uniform and its appendages were a little too heavy for them to carry about, and the tightness of the uniform gave them a somewhat cramped appearance. The king received them on their arrival in a most friendly and hospitable manner, and beef and beer was the order of the day.'

Lord Knutsford's letter, written in the name of Queen Victoria, was handed to Moffat who read it to the King. It contained some interesting and important points which need to be noted. It comments on the trouble caused to Lobengula by people seeking concessions to look for gold. This, it is pointed out, is inevitable but 'wherever gold is, or wherever it is reported to be, there it is

impossible for him to exclude white men' and Lobengula is advised that the wisest and safest course for him to adopt is to make arrangements with an approved body of white men 'who will be responsible to the Chief for any annoyance or trouble caused to himself or his people'. For this reason the Queen approves of the Rudd Concession and is satisfied that those to whom it was granted were men who fulfil their undertakings, and she hopes that Lobengula will allow them to conduct their mining operations without interference or molestation. She suggests that this body of white men, of whom Dr Jameson is the accredited representative in Matabeleland, be left to settle disputes and keep the peace among the white people. In conclusion, Mr Moffat is directed to stay with the chief as long as he desires it and he will communicate the chief's words to the Queen.

1888 saw more settled conditions in Bulawayo so far as the remaining white men were concerned and they spent their time digging themselves in. Three quarters of a mile from the royal kraal they erected an enclosure where

lived, in the words of one who visited it at the time, 'the representative of the Company, the officer in charge, an interpreter and storekeeper, all of which officials live in huts and wagons round a larger central hut which has been christened the "Royal Charter House". This was the meeting place of the European community in Bulawayo and was also haunted by natives including many of high rank who persistently begged from the white man, of whom, however, they continued to be very suspicious and even covertly hostile.'

CHAPTER THREE THE PIONEERS

On the 22nd December, 1889, Cecil Rhodes opened negotiations with Frank Johnson for the formation of a body of pioneers to implement the Rhodes-Rudd Concession by marching into this country with a view to beginning mining operations. In his book *Great Days* Johnson has given us a full account of the arrangements made from the moment of his interview with

Rhodes at breakfast in the Kimberley Club until the flag was hoisted at Fort Salisbury. We now reach a period which is well documented, and those who took part in the expedition can speak for themselves. Before, however, we embark on their reminiscences, we need to visualise the situation as it existed in Bulawayo.

Towards the end of 1889 a good deal of the active hostility towards the white man that arose immediately subsequent to the signing of the Concession appears to have died down. Wilson writes in his diary for 19th October:

'Things seem much quieter now and there is more stuff about the place in the shape of cattle, sheep, goats, eggs, potatoes, rice, groundnuts, sweet potatoes, Indian corn and millet, poultry by the dozen, and milk and beer which the natives bring round to the white men's wagons for sale. The prices average about 15/- to £2 for cattle, and 2/6 to 4/6 for sheep and goats. Fowls 1d, or 2d. each; mealies 5/- per sack, beer about 1d. per gallon, rice from ½d. to 1d. per lb. and eggs 3d. per dozen. Everything is cheap. Even

labour we can get for a mere nothing - one cotton blanket for three to six months' work.'

By the beginning of May 1890 the Pioneer Column was being organised. When this became known in Bulawayo it was inevitable that the Matabele should again feel bitter towards the white man. Lobengula watches his borders and is informed of every move that is made. His view, according to Wilson was that it was 'Rhodes's army that was marching against him and not the Queen's and he does not want to do anything that is not right to the British government, but when it knows that they are Rhodes's people, he may think that Rhodes is taking it upon himself to invade the country without the sanction of the Queen, and he may then fight anyone who may come in force. The king also complained that the white men had told him for two years that Rhodes was coming up to see him, and that there was no sign of him yet. The king is busy having all his guns cleaned, both old and new. I am sure, by the preparations being made, and all things taken into consideration, that the king means to



Wagons of the Pioneer Column crossing the Nuanetsi river in 1890. (Central African Archives)

make a stand against the Chartered Company entering his kingdom in force.'

During this nerve-racking period it was only to be expected that the white men in Bulawayo should have lived in extreme anxiety in regard to the future. Wilson has much to tell us about it;

'I lived in Bulawayo for two years and three months. My companions were Major Maxwell, who, after the signing of the Concession, was the sole representative of the Chartered Company, Peterson and Reilly who were there at the time. The people called us "Rhodes People" and the brunt of the trouble fell on us.'

Wilson's original diary of this period was unfortunately lost, but, in his reminiscences, he has written from memory the following account of this distressing time when the Pioneer Column was actually on the move:

'June and July, 1890. These last two months were amongst the most anxious time of my life. During that time it was touch and go whether we, the few white men up there, would be killed or not by the infuriated natives. The Pioneers had made their start into the country

and the natives put it down as an invasion, as the king persisted in saying that he never gave the white people permission to go into the country. Thousands upon thousands of natives, in fact all the men in the nation capable of bearing arms, came to the king and offered him their services to drive the white men out, and often we had to pass a thousand or two of them drawn up at the king's kraal. When they saw us they would start shaking their shields towards us and going through antics as to how they would kill us when once the king gave his permission, and they would make most insulting remarks, calling us all the vile names their language was capable of expressing. I remember once there were about 3,000 men drawn up before the king when Major Maxwell and I went into his kraal to see him. On coming out the regiment was still there. The king came out along with us. When the natives saw the king walking with us they began to sing and dance. We stood alongside of the king and watched them for some time. When the dancing and singing had stopped one of the spokesmen

came forward to the front of the line with the usual greetings. Then he said "Eater of White Men, give us the white men to kill who are coming into our country, and allow us to kill the half dozen whites who are here". The king turned to us and said "Hambani guhle, makiwa" (Go well, white men), he then turned his back on the regiments without uttering a word and went back into the Isigodlo again.

'We were glad when June and July were over for scarcely a day passed during this time that our lives were not threatened by one section or another of the people while the vilest and foulest names they could use were thrown at us. Our boys were beaten and driven away from us in some instances, and the people who brought grain and beer for sale were driven away also and often beaten into the bargain. I say again that the white men living in the country during those times have to thank Lobengula over and over again for their lives, as nothing would have given the brutal natives greater pleasure than to have butchered the few white men they had at their mercy.

'August 12th. Things look much quieter and more like peace, and I think with a little caution, everything will be all right, and I think it is due to the way that the king has been spoken to by the white men here. Maxwell spoke well for the Company and advised the king to let the white men, who were going into Mashonaland, alone, for, if he tackled them, the Queen would have to protect them.'

Stored away in the National Archives there is a fragment of a diary belonging to Colonel Johann Colenbrander who visited Bulawayo in July, is 90, containing the following:

'While we were there I heard numbers of headmen asking the king for permission to attack the white men (the Pioneer Column had just previously set out from Fort Tuli). The king said "How will you attack them?" They said "With guns and assegais". The king then said "The assegai is the only thing you can depend on, the weapon your fathers had before you, but, if I get killed, can you bring me to life again? Do you really speak as men that you wish to attack these people?" They said "Yes,

king, we mean what we say, and also that we do not mean them to come in". "Are these your words?" "Yes, they are our words."

'Men were urging the king to fight and telling him that they were not afraid of horsemen or the white man's guns. "We will send one shower of assegais into them and finish them." '

At this time mining operations had been begun in the Tati Concession and those at work there felt considerable concern as to the safety of their compatriots in Matabeleland. In this connection Wilson writes:

'During all this time it was impossible to get the boys to take the post down to Tati, and there was great uncertainty there as to what had become of us who were in the Matabele country living at the king's. Our long silence caused a lot of our friends the greatest anxiety so one of them, F. C. Farley, secretary and manager of the Tati Gold Mining Company, undertook to ride to Bulawayo and find out what our fate might be. All alone for 120 miles plucky little Farley rode through the heart of the Matabele, the last

40 miles especially dangerous, and arrived to find us all well but a little anxious. We were awfully glad to see him and to get the news, and we did appreciate what we got. The Pioneers had just started towards Mashonaland. Farley's coming in among us put all thought away of our clearing out of the country. If one man could come in, we could get out, so that ended it. Farley went up and saw the king and, after a few days, he went back to Tati with the news of our safety. During this time I had a splendid chance of seeing the fighting strength of the Matabele as all the men rolled up and offered their services to the king to drive out the invaders. They arrived in parties from 100 to about 1,000 strong, all armed. Most of them carried guns of all sizes and descriptions, from the old flint lock to the Martini and Express rifles and some of the old elephant guns ... I should say there were fully 20,000 men.'

On the 13th June, Colenbrander says that he saw Lobengula and told him that the Pioneers would go as far round as possible, to avoid any difficulties with his people and he added that this

had met with Moffat's approval. To this the king replied, 'What does Moffat want here? First he was a missionary, then he wanted to be an induna, and now what is he? A boy of Rhodes, or what?'

The object of Colenbrander's visit appears to have been to keep the king in good temper by assuring him of the intention of the Chartered Company's pioneer column to keep well away from his people's country while on their way to Mashonaland, which, though it was regarded by the Matabele as an easily accessible raiding place where they could capture cattle and women and children when they had a mind to, was actually not a part of Lobengula's domain. On the 19th June Colenbrander received a telegram from Dr Rutherford Harris at Kimberley-

'Telegram from Dr Harris "Doyle in Kimberley talking to Rhodes returns after two weeks continue talking piffle to king" to which he appends the note; "I cannot understand the latter part of the telegram. Piffle indeed!" '

On the 14th July, the king sent a letter to Rhodes, which Colenbrander transcribes as follows:

'Why do you want so many white men to dig the gold when Doyle told me that white men only should come into the country to dig it and the other workmen should be Amandebele? I do not want this large number of white men to come into my country. It is bad bringing an impi into my country.'

On the 18th July the king said:

'Johann, I will give you four men and you go, with Chadwick, to the camp and give them fair warning that, if they come on, they do so at their own peril. Then, Johann, you proceed and tell Rhodes also, for I wish him to hear what I have to say from more mouths that can speak my language so that there can be no mistake in future, and they say that I have not given them fair warning. Say to them "Do you think that the Amandebele are the only people that bleed? White men's blood runs as well as ours". Tell them all you have been told here by us, Johann, and do not let Rhodes send me any more

representatives for I will deal with nobody but him. I have over and over again said I gave no road. I repeat again, I will not allow it.'

This message was duly delivered to Colonel Pennefather, who was in charge of the Police Column accompanying the pioneers and the senior officer, on the 3rd August when the column was 150 miles away across the Lundi river. His answer was:

'I cannot stop or return. I have my orders to go to Mashonaland and must obey them. If the king wishes to fight or attack us I cannot help it. You gave us this road and I am avoiding your kraals and people and am not doing anything against my orders.'

Having now given what I hope is a clear picture of conditions in Bulawayo, we are now able to turn our attention to the Pioneer Column. It consisted of 196 officers, non-commissioned officers and men of very varied experience and qualifications. Many of them, possibly the majority, were prospectors lured by the hopes of finding gold in the territory to be occupied. With them were a small number of civilians who, for

various reasons, were attached to it though not included in it. The organising of the column was carried out by Major Frank Johnson, then aged 23, with the help of his able assistants, Captains Heany and Borrow, and that the operation was successfully accomplished is a sufficient testimony to the thoroughness with which they did their work. Pay was at the rate of 7/6 for troopers; 8/6 for corporals; 10/6 for sergeants and 11/6 for Sergeantmajors. 117 wagons accompanied the column. Ample and sufficient rations were provided, and the men were promised that each of them would receive a farm of 3,000 acres in Mashonaland and 15 gold claims. Those who did not wish to remain would be granted free passage to Kimberley.

Under pressure from the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, Rhodes ordered Dr Rutherford Harris to engage 400 mounted men to accompany the pioneer column. Thus the British South Africa Police had its beginning. Its duty was to preserve the lines of communication and to be ready to go to the column's assistance should it prove necessary. This very brief summary of

information in regard to the column must suffice here.

Mr Lionel Cripps, who later became the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Southern Rhodesia, was one of the Pioneers, and his reminiscences shed some additional light on the journey made by the column. Shortly after leaving the Lundi river he speaks of Colenbrander's arrival, of which Colenbrander himself has already told us. Before, however, proceeding to quote the extract, it is necessary that I should explain that the order of march of the Column was as follows: At daybreak, after reveille, patrols were sent out about two miles on either side of the column. On their return the column advanced ten or twelve miles to its next halting place which had been prepared the previous day by the advance guard. Selous, who was guide to the column, always had with him a troop as advance guard for the protection of the Bechuana natives who did the actual cutting of the road.

"The "chopping the road" party arrived too late to make a clearing in the bush for the laager. In consequence the wagons were standing

anyhow without laager formation, and the men scattered about in small groups. That night up rode Colenbrander, 6 days out from Bulawayo, with the news that 7,000 warriors had left just before he did with the intention of wiping us out. He reckoned they must be close at hand. Alarm was felt by all but no panic ensued and nothing special happened, it being learned later that Loben had ordered his regiment to turn back. From that point onwards two parallel roads were cut so that laager could be quickly formed if necessary.

'A dozen Matabele warriors with shields and assegais came across our chopping party in the van and were sent back to the main column in charge of Cowie who spoke Zulu well - much to his wrath, as he afterwards told me, as he felt that he was at the mercy of these warriors had they wished to kill him. This party had been sent to watch us and had followed our movements. They came to inform Dr Jameson who travelled with the column that they saw some of our party shooting a hippo in the Lundi, which was a fact. Johnson, who had himself done the killing said

that the Matabele impi did actually keep parallel all the way for some time but was restrained from attacking by the fear they had of the searchlight.'

And so the Pioneer Column proceeded on its way. Despite the threats made by Lobengula, which kept the column constantly on the lookout, no Matabele were encountered. Selous found himself in difficulties after the Tokwe river had been crossed as he was not acquainted with that part of the country. He found himself facing a range of hills that had to be crossed and over which the long train of wagons had to be driven. He eventually discovered how this could best be done by cutting the road up a gorge which he named Providential Pass - a name that has stuck to it to this day. At the head of the pass a monument has since been erected. Some little distance beyond the pass another fort was erected, this time Fort Victoria. Thence the column moved on to Fort Charter which was their last stop before reaching their destination. This was to have been Mount Hampden, but, for geographical reasons,

this was thought unsuitable, and a site which they named Fort Salisbury was chosen instead.

As the party advanced northwards a troop of the B.S.A.P. was posted at each of the forts, thus securing the line of communication, and the experience of those who were thus left behind was much more exciting and adventurous. Here is the recollection of one of the members of 'D' Troop, Mr Alfred Drew:

'I was attached to "D" Troop, Police, at Fort Tuli in December 1890, and proceeded with that Troop to Fort Charter, where we went through the first wet season under very rough conditions. We had the first experience of the wet season on our way up to Fort Charter from Fort Tuli. The Lundi river came down when we had only got one wagon across. We were a fortnight getting the rest of the wagons over. We took them across in pieces and the goods, bit by bit, along a rope stretched across the river. We were in the water every day. The swimmers had first of all to swim their horses across with some kit



Providential Pass at the approach to Fort Victoria, looking south. (Department of Public Relations)

on the backs of the animals. They had had special instruction in this from Gordon, who was fresh from the Egyptian campaign. We settled ourselves down as well as we could under wagon and bucksail. We used to swim across in the evenings for our grog and rations and other small things.

'We shuddered a bit when, on reaching the next river, the Tokwe, we found that a transport rider had had his foot torn off by a crocodile. The poor fellow died after an operation undertaken by an amateur at Fort Victoria. At Fort Charter, which is now on the farm Marshbrook, we had no proper food, and uniforms were worn out. Several of us were without boots. All the big rivers south were in flood, preventing supplies from coming up. Some of us actually had to do sentry go without boots. We were all fever stricken and there were several deaths. I remember coming off duty one night and being found with fever and a temperature of 104.'

To conclude this chapter I insert a story by an unknown author who, it is apparent, was a

policeman though he does not say so in so many words. I found it in an old file among the papers of the Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society, and I do not think it has previously been published. It is entitled;

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CLEAN

'Yes, after all, there is something in the little expression, and it seems to take one's memory back to the days of one's youth when soap and water were being constantly applied, with apparently little effect. But this is a Mashonaland Pioneer story, and happened in Fort Charter in 1891.

'The 1,000 mile trek from Kimberley to Salisbury was almost an accomplished fact, and those of us who had managed to withstand the hardships of a wet season among the rivers and swamps that lie between Tuli and Victoria were, after six months of toil and trouble, within measurable distance of the Capital.

'Towards the end of the journey my luck was out. I had been thrown from the front of a

wagon, which had struck the stump of a tree. As I was down with a dose of fever at the time, I remember very little about it, and never would have done so, had it not been that a bag of mealies followed me, and as the front wheel of the wagon passed over both, the Country was saved another funeral. I was carried into Fort Charter, and for five months I had to lie in one position in a hut until I had sufficiently recovered to be allowed to limp up to Salisbury and see the promised land.

'If there is one thing more deadly than another, it is for an active man to lie as I had to for months in my own company except when my meals were brought me. I was drowsy in the daytime, and the night was a time of terror for I was powerless and could not sleep. There was a hole in the roof and I used to watch for the appearance of the morning star, whose rising brought peace and a little happy sleep before the native orderly came in with the coffee at 6 a.m. I think I should have gone off my head in my loneliness had it not been for a little field mouse, who, seeing my helplessness, became

quite tame and used to drink tea out of my beaker and nibble at the crusts I had left.

I was fresh from home, and the absence of the dally papers or periodicals made life a blank, in fact one was afraid to wake up.

'One day I had a visit from good old Sergt. X, who held a dual position, for he was Postmaster, and being one in great authority he had the key to the dop cask, "You are green and young yet", said he, "and this life is new to you, but you must buck up and get well again. You will soon get used to your new surroundings and like the country". "Wait until I'm better", said I, "and all will be right; but the days are long and the nights terrible. Why, the last newspaper, given me 10 days ago, was 6 months old, and I know it by heart, even the advertisements. "

' "Do you like seeing illustrated papers?" said he. "Rather", said I, "but where can I see them here?" "Well, there are always ways", said he, "and, if you will promise to keep your mouth shut, once a week you shall have a treat. Now, the post cart comes in every Tuesday at 7 a.m.,

and does not leave until 4 p.m. (It was a Scotch-Cart with 4 oxen). I am Postmaster, and in that mail-bag are Doctor Jameson's papers. I know how to slip off the string, open them and put them back again so that no one will be any the wiser. But *you must have clean hands* and there must be no thumb marks on them papers.

'True to his word, for 4 months, every mail day, he brought in that glorious packet, and together we eagerly devoured the contents of the *Illustrated London News, Graphic, Field*, etc in the short time at our disposal. It was a God-send, and I prayed for more Tuesdays to come round. Shortly before 4 p.m. the wrapper was replaced, and the string re-tied in its original position, before the papers were again consigned to the mail bag.

'The good old sergeant most kindly carried out his part of the bargain, and I on my part "kept my mouth shut" and above all, "*kept my fingers clean*".'

CHAPTER FOUR MASHONALAND

The Column arrived at Fort Salisbury on the 12th September, 1890. It had travelled from Fort Tuli a distance of 400 miles, in two months. The road had been cut through bush country, swamps had to be corduroyed and workable fords constructed over which to bring the long line of wagons, and all was done without the loss of a single life. Death had yet to take its toll of those who blazed the trail for us as we shall see later.

The Union Jack was hoisted at Fort Salisbury on the following day. The members of the column then dispersed to seek their fortune in the land of promise. A lot of wishful thinking had been done on the way up and many of the men came to believe that fortunes awaited them on arrival. Most of the pioneers were prospectors and these lost no time in equipping themselves for their work. They set out from Salisbury in all directions, many of them with very inadequate equipment, without imagining the hardship that awaited them.

Here is what a member of the Pioneer Column, L/Cpl H. S. M. Montagu, has to say about Salisbury soon after the arrival of the column:

'Fort Salisbury was built by the pioneers on the site of what is now known as Cecil Square. Messrs Heany, Johnson and Borrow built some huts where the Ranch is now. One laager was where McCullough & Bothwell's buildings are (opposite Standard Bank), and between our laager and the kopje was a big black marsh which could only be crossed by jumping from tuft to tuft of grass, but it could be avoided by going up to where the Municipal Gardens now are. The first Police Quarters were erected by Major Forbes on the site of Meikle's Hotel. I believe the first bakery was a small red house where the Standard Bank is, and its oven a great big ant-heap.

'We were to have halted at Mount Hampden and built Salisbury there, but Colonel Pennefather and Dr Jameson visited the site and considered that the Gwebi Flats would be too expensive to make a road over and that there was

not enough water to supply a town there, so they determined to remain where town now is. At that time there were deep holes of water in the Makabusi, in which we used to take headers off the bank. In January 1891, I believe a 15 foot crocodile which came up from the Hunyani, was blown up where bathing was carried on. Game was everywhere and every kind you wanted except lion, giraffe and elephant.

'We were disbanded on 30th September, 1890, and we had various utensils given us. A party of seven of us got a spade head (no handle) an axe head (no handle) and an empty grease tin to cook in. We all had our mess tins, and it was wonderful how useful they were. Tea, coffee, soup, porridge, meat etc. was cooked in them as required. Seven of us were allowed, for a payment of £7 each, to have the use of a wagon and a span of oxen for which we were responsible. We bought split peas, coffee, tea, sugar and some flour from the contractors. We all made for old Hartley hills as it was reported that there was any quantity of gold-bearing reefs



*Cecil Square, Salisbury, in 1890. The Union Jack was hoisted there on the 13th September of that year.
(Central African Archives)*

to be found there. On our arrival we found we had been forestalled by other prospectors and the whole country was pegged with claims. We did not find anything worth having so started to return. That night we got to Mshianyumbu's kraal practically starving. We each bought a fowl, killed and cleaned it, spate-cooked it and ate it within half an hour. I should say we never enjoyed anything so much.'

Surg.-Capt. R.F. Rand was one of those who had come up with the B.S.A.P. and later he did invaluable service in looking after the sick in Salisbury. He tells us something of the early days there:

'The first survey of Salisbury township was made, and the plan drawn by Mr Ross, a nephew of Mr Archibald Ross Colquhoun, our first Administrator. Mr Ross had been trained in U.S.A. and his idea was to give numbers to all of the streets and avenues. This idea was partly carried out, but I am pleased to remember that I was listened to when I urged that we might fitly name some of our thoroughfares after blazers of the African trail, whence the present Salisbury

names of Livingstone, Moffat, named after Dr Moffat the great missionary and grandfather of our present Premier; Speke; Baker after Sir Samuel Baker of Nile fame; Stanley; Cameron after Commander Cameron, who traversed the Continent from East to West going by way of Katanga; Baines, who has also been honoured in his birthplace, King's Lynn, Norfolk, England, for he was one of the great travellers.

'The water supply for Salisbury was first taken from the Makabusi river, but soon wells became necessary and were sunk. As each well drained the soil surrounding it, the reputation of Salisbury for salubrity had its beginnings.

'The question of a cemetery came up and I selected the piece of land behind the kopje as it was well adapted for the purpose. Several people were buried there but a stupid American mining engineer declared the area to be a gold bearing one and the cemetery was shifted in consequence to its present site, a matter I have always regretted.

'For some time the town was without cats, and soon the rats began to swarm. I once caught

twelve in one night in an extemporised trap. This was not all, for in pursuit of the rats, came snakes. There arrived in Salisbury an elderly couple named Cameron. Cameron was a carpenter. They had a cat with them and it gave birth to kittens about the time of our arrival. The lady got a five pound note for each of the kittens.'

Wilson lost no time in joining his compatriots in Salisbury and he has something to tell us of the early days there:

'We arrived at Salisbury where some of the pioneers were collected at what they call the Kopje side, where there is a small hill about 100 to 150 feet high, and the energetic firm of Messrs Johnson, Heany and Borrow had established a camp on the north side of the hill. About 1000 yards from the base of the hill on the open flat the B.S.A. Co.'s fort was built and the majority of the B.S.A. Police were camped there.'

Whisky in 1891 cost £42 10s. od. per case. Wilson says he paid this amount for two cases for the Irishmen to celebrate S. Patrick's day as a

special favour which the occasion justified. In 1891 Butter was 12/- per 1 lb. tin. Sauce 10/- per bottle, and jam 8/- to 10/- per tin.

'I even bought myself one bottle of brandy from Vurrie who arrived with some wagon loads of stuff for £5.'

Mr Jack Carruthers too has something to say about current prices and catering generally:

'My friends, the brothers Posselt brought up the first loads of flour to Salisbury, at that time selling at £12 per sack of 100 lbs. Sugar 7/6d. per lb.; Tins of condensed Milk were 15/- each and bacon at 8/- per lb. Trek oxen were worth £15 each. Good Colonial Wagons could be bought from Messrs Johnson, Heany & Borrow at £5 each. I remember seeing one cut in half and the friends tossed up to see who was to pay and have the choice of ends for Scotch carts.

'Fort Salisbury was known to the local natives as Harrari. When I arrived Pioneer Street was just in the making and camps of every description were fixed up on the slope of the hill. A few buildings were being erected, and trading

wagons with the awnings spread displayed goods which were sold at exorbitant prices.

'To my surprise on my return to Salisbury from the Angwa river, I found my friend Bert Thackery had a notice board fixed up "HOT or COLD WATER, BATH, and COFFEE, 2/6d." This consisted of a mat on the floor and two paraffin tins in an empty hut, towel and soap were provided. Outside a boy was kept busy heating up a drum of water. This was a great treat to most of us, especially to the wandering fossicker coming in from the outside after a long dusty trek.

'Brewan's Tea and Cake shop was a treat. My feed of ginger beer and cakes cost me 14/-. His was the first brick house built in Salisbury.'

Mr Walter Howard tells us that:

'The prospectors got what they could from the natives by barter for they neither understood nor wanted money. Empty jam, bully beef and milk tins were worth as barter 1/- each as were also an empty Martini or revolver cartridge, both of which were valued as snuff boxes or adornment for the ears. Candles were £1 per packet and

gamblers would hire the use of one from the fortunate possessor for a share in the profits of the game. Yet there was a spirit of optimism in the air, and everyone was planning to meet at the Chicago Exhibition in 1893 after they had made a fortune by selling their gold claims.'

Carruthers continues his narrative by giving us information about the geography of Salisbury:

'The Administrator's quarters were situated on the ground where the Railton Sports Ground now stands, and the Police Camp and Commissariat Store occupied the present Cecil Square. The Ammunition Depot Magazine was a wattle-and-daub building with no lock and key. It stood somewhere about the west corner of Baker Avenue and Kingsway, where the grass stood six feet high. It was a simple matter to get an order from Dr Jim or Quartermaster Billy Reed to hand to Capt. Lendy who was in charge of the Depot. He would often tell you to go and help yourself, adding, "please be sure to close the door". We would go there and help ourselves to what we wanted, ammunition, dynamite, fuse etc.

'At Billy Reed's Store, near Cecil Square, you could get sugar, tea, flour, biscuits, coffee, matches, candles, boots and riding pants for the asking. The Charter Coy. then were very liberal and rendered service to anyone requiring help. Most of the Forts, hurriedly erected on the road coming up, were built of cases of bully beef, as it was dumped down at every laager. (According to Colonel Plumer, some of this bully beef was dug up and eaten during the occupation of the forts at the time of the 1896 Rebellion. The Colonel had to give a personal demonstration before the men would consent to eat it, and no serious after-effects resulted).

'One morning a transport rider named Swanepoel, reached Salisbury and outspanned where the Kopje Railway Crossing is. He walked to the causeway to see about off-loading, leaving his younger brother, a lad of twelve years, with the wagons. An old prospector who had journeyed up with them, had taken the oxen down to drink. On his way back, just where the Bacon Factory now is, he was leisurely walking behind the oxen when a lion appeared. He shouted,

having no gun. The lad at the wagon hurried to his help, and was in time to shoot the lion in the act of springing on the old man. The oxen had fled towards the wagons.

'It was a usual thing in those days, for dogs to chase hyenas through the village at night time.

'One of the early adventurers, a fine big fellow, always well dressed, Macfarlane by name, a gentleman sheep farmer from Australia, came here for adventure. I first met him on Slater's Auction Mart in Pioneer Street. About thirty pounds of brown sugar was being sold and Macfarlane particularly wanted it. It was knocked down to him at 6/6d. per lb. Overhearing someone asking if the sugar had been sold, as he would have paid more for it, Macfarlane immediately brought it back and put it on the other side of the table. Slater again sold it. The sugar realizing 3d. per lb. more, less his commission. It was Macfarlane who went out miles to shoot eland for their fat. He would render it down and fill jam tins. Whenever in town you could find him daily at the Auction

Sale selling individual lots of fat. In those days there was no butter, and when Hearman's butter reached Salisbury, it was really a treat and fetched 5/- per lb. tin. On one occasion after a hot tramp, I used a paint brush to spread the butter on our biscuits. My friend, Yankee Jones, remarked "This is the best makeshift I have witnessed in all my travels". He afterwards carried a brush for similar purposes. I remember old Alan O'Brien straining his butter through one of his grey socks to free it from the small black ants. He and his five pals, Leo Neumeyer, Wm Rodgers, Billy Bremman, Meyer, and Newman, never lived to enjoy the fortunes they made. On the Angwa I made use of lion fat for my frying and cooking. It was sweet and in no way flavoured. The wart hog served everybody for fat, and they were quite good eating, especially the head, cooked in a round hole dug in the ground.

'In baking bread we used two prospecting pans. After firing the round hole oven, you simply placed the dish of mixture in the hole, covered with the second pan, filled up the hole

with the hot coals and charcoal and gave the bread sufficient time to bake.

'We found the seed of the Cream of Tartar (Baobab tree) made a good drink and was a substitute for yeast. Salt was our greatest want in those days. It sold in camp for £12 per sack. The cost at Zoutpansberg was 3/- per sack. The natives then, and even now, make a salt from green water rush, dried and then burned. The ash is then burned in an earthenware pot with a draining hole at the bottom. Eventually the brine is tapped off and evaporated, leaving a fair salt.

'It was very trying, having to subsist on wild game with badly ground Kaffir meal in the early days, and many times I failed to partake of the food when prepared.

'The latter end of 1881, I lived entirely on mushrooms for a few days. There is nothing so nice to my mind as the large mushroom, the size of a big plate, found away in the bushveld. They are a delicious feed when properly cooked.

'I started out many times with just my gun and some salt in my pocket and once covered the road to Salisbury from the present Sinoia in a

thirty-five hour walk. Fortunately the Mahash Tree fruit was ripe to comfort my going.

'The first mail service between Salisbury and Tuli was run by the Bezuidenhout Brothers. It was a six days' service each way and consisted of scotch carts with no tents, drawn by six oxen with relays every twelve miles. The oxen were whipped along by two boys in charge of each team, over bad roads, stumps and stones, and under all conditions of weather. The fare was £25. To Tuli was a trek of 400 miles. It was quite an event seeing the departures and making farewells. Passengers were supposed to find a rope to fasten on their kit which, without it, would generally drop off on the way. The seats provided were on top of the mail bags, or anywhere you could perch. There were very few who stuck the trip out. Many collapsed on the way and had to wait for the next cart, others walked on to relieve their shaken bones. I remember one chap saying "The experience is worth the money". Capsizes were frequent, and several carts were washed down the river, with the loss of the mails.

'I was camped in a hut up on the East side of Harrari Kopje with a pal named Piet Kolbe, a big, easy, kindly chap. We laid out the enclosures of the Sports Ground (the present Turf Club Race Course) for the first race meeting held in Salisbury. Piet on several occasions spoke of his tender toes, which he could not account for as he wore a pair of old boots. Alongside of our grass-made beds there was a small calico window for ventilation. Being a bulky chap and his blankets a bit short, Piet always left his feet bare. One moonlight night, a shaking foot attracted my attention, when I saw two rats trying to gnaw his toe nails. I woke him and told him what I had seen. He laughed and hunted round to find a bag to put his legs in. We managed to get hold of a cat to ease the situation and it was seldom any bits of candle were left by the rats next morning.'

It is to be regretted that no document exists giving the subsequent history of all the members of the Pioneer Column. It would probably have proved impossible to compile, for no sooner had they arrived in Fort Salisbury than they separated

and went their various ways. An old record of the Society contains a list which attempts to set down what happened to them but there are so many blanks and queries that it is really of little use. It is, however, apparent that some of them returned to South Africa, either shortly after their arrival or when they discovered that the gold-bearing potentialities of the country were not all they had been led to believe. Most of them were prospectors of whom some met with success in their mining ventures, others occupied themselves in the public service and in commercial undertakings, and a few of them settled on the land. Many of them were murdered during the Rebellion of 1896. All, however, who were able bodied held themselves at their country's call and were ready to take up arms whenever called upon to do so.

Matabele Wilson was himself one of the early prospectors, and he had the good fortune to win through with a system much debilitated by constant and successive attacks of fever. He has a harrowing tale to tell of the sufferings of the first prospectors:

'Many a poor devil one had met going over the country with nothing on his feet but a pair of sandals made out of bullock or antelope hide, and the majority of men had to live simply on native food. Hoopoo and pumpkins were food that began to burn into the brain. We had them for breakfast, lunch and dinner all the week and sometimes all the month unless a kaffir rooster or a few eggs were procurable to mix with them, or may be a small dove. Some more lucky would knock over an antelope now and again. Grass grows so long and luxuriant in the rainy season that you could not find the game. Hoopoo is ground kaffir corn and when made into porridge with a little fresh milk added, which we were able sometimes to get from the natives, it is quite palatable.'

Wilson says, about mining operations:

'... The ancients must have got some good gold here to have done such an amount of work. There are hundreds and hundreds of tons of quartz on the surface but little of it in pans ... These ancients were magnificent prospectors, it is wonderful how they picked out the gold-

bearing rock and left the poorer stuff. Some of the tools found in the shafts are small pieces of iron about 9 inches long and about two inches broad in the centre with four sides quite solid, and pointed at both ends. Their shafts were all shapes but mostly round, and it is quite evident that as soon as they came to water they were done for.'

Cripps recalls his own mining experiences and comments on the general condition of the country as he experienced it during the first rainy season he spent here:

'Our working gear was made of eland-hide, several strands cut wet and twisted into a rope, and the buckets were made of the same material. The windlass was a Msasa trunk and the handles of Msasa branches with a good angle in them. Our boots were mended with eland hide, cut so as to overlap the soles and half the uppers, and held fast with thin strips of hide. Our boots were none too sweet smelling and were always put outside under the thatch at night.'

The mention by Cripps of his having used eland-hide suggests the inclusion here of a note by Carruthers on the enforcement of the Royal Game Law which was promulgated shortly after the occupation:

'When first the Royal Game Law was enforced, many could not resist the temptation to kill, although the offenders were heavily fined when found out; and yet the natives were allowed to trap and kill game anywhere in Mashonaland. My pioneer friend, Wal. Palmer, was no exception. On one of his trips carrying transport to Hartley, he had shot a young eland and was skinning the animal when one of the B.S.A.P. rolled up. He stayed over to a meal with Palmer, and rode away carrying a part of the leg of the game which Wal. had given him. On his return to Salisbury, Wal. had to appear at Court for contravening the Game Law. After hearing the case, the Magistrate asked Wal., giving him a chance, if he did not believe when he fired, that the creature was a reed-buck. "No", said Wal, "Do you not think I don't know a Reed-buck

from an Eland?" "I am sorry Mr Palmer, I must fine you £50" was the Magistrate's reply.'

Carruthers has a good deal to tell us of the early mining days:

'We were mining under difficulties on the Angwa river, and sinking work was a very trying ordeal, what with being worried with tsetse fly, and our nearest meal supply being sixty miles distant. It was my habit to strip when at work, to save washing, and often walked without trousers on long tramps. I put one shaft down eight feet. I swung down a ladder made of wagon chains taken off spare wagons found standing in Johnson's yard. We could not always rely on hide ropes. This property, the "Black Chief", proved to be a copper lode at depth. I lost my tools that got buried down the shaft.

'On the opposite side of the river was the Selous Syndicate who lost everything they possessed on the "Mountaineer" property, having put their tools down their shaft the same year. All the cattle and donkeys died from the tsetse fly, and the wagons were abandoned. The first tsetse fly we encountered on our way out was

immediately beyond the Sinoia Caves. The whole District beyond was then infested.

'About 1891, in August, I was fifteen miles west of Old Lomagundi kraal trading meal, when a raiding Matabele impi killed the chief Magondi, taking away his young wives and any girls or young men they could catch, and looting the kraal. They maintained that the old Chief was showing the White Man too much favour. It was midnight when I heard the warning from the hilltops. Old Chief Gazenga came to my tent to tell me that something had happened. At daylight I made tracks with my boy, Maremi, back to the Angwa river some twenty-two miles distant. On reaching camp I found that everybody had gone. I was concerned and upset. After a rest, I replenished my haversack and having stuck away anything of value down a shaft, I set off in a bee line for Spreckley's camp, discarding the beaten track for fear of trouble. I had a tedious tramp over hills and dales with my boy trailing on behind. At night the stars were my only comfort and guide, and I was afraid to sit down or waste time for fear of lions. Herds of game on the way

naturally startled me. It was daylight when I reached the Hunyani Hills. The stubble and grass had worn my trousers to threads when, with a tightened belt, I limped into Spreckley's camp, having walked another thirty miles through veld. Here I found my Angwa friends and other prospectors who had come in for safety. They were expecting a patrol out. Spreckley had sent in a runner. The boy was travelling alone and wished to have a gun.

Jack, after a thought gave him an old Martini. He emptied the powder out of the cartridge, and set the bullet back, placing it in the rifle. The boy ran most of the way to Salisbury quite content.

By the time the Police, under Major Forbes, reached Lomagundi, the impi had cleared off south over the Umfuli river. All our natives deserted, even the local ones. A Matabele boy I had in my employ at the time, Charlie, who was evidently a spy, I afterwards ran down near the Inyati Mission.

We were attracted to the Angwa river by Baines's book of travels, and his report of alluvial gold in that vicinity. It was strange that

none of us worried about alluvial washing. Years after, a friend of mine recovered over three thousand pounds worth from a large pool near my first camp on the Angwa, and several have since made a good living at different times out there. George Harding's nuggets will always be talked about. We all suffered from fever the first year yet no deaths occurred out there.

'On one occasion we were gathered at Kenny's camp for an evening sing-song. He had gone to a deal of trouble that day to prepare and fixed a waterbuck-hide rope and bucket on the shaft windlass, swung ready for work next morning. Bill had just started to sing in his old happy strain, one of his favourites, "I won't see my Annie any more", when we were startled by hearing the windlass flying round. His shaft was down by the river-side and no one ventured very far from camp after dark as lions prowled the river banks every night. When Bill went down in the morning he found that a hyena had run off with the outfit. He followed the trail through the long grass for a long distance and finally gave up

in despair and returned to make a new rope and bucket.'

Carruthers made a second trip to the Lomagundi district:

'I left Salisbury on the 6th August, 1891, with three donkeys and a piccanin. I packed a bag of flour on one, the second carried my sugar and other supplies, the third belonged to Spreckley, which I had brought in to carry back his monthly provisions. I reached the big trees just where the Mazoe road now crosses over the Railway line, when a terrific storm burst over me. Having no tent I stacked the packs on top of one another on a large stone under a tree. I covered them over with a blanket. Piccanin and I huddled up together for the night. When daylight broke, I felt a touch of dejection, for there trickling down the stone was my 7/6d. per lb. sugar, and my bag of flour was badly soaked. The sugar bag and sundries I could not touch, so simply had to pack up and get on. By the end of my journey, the flour that had cost me £12 had dried to the shape of donkey's back.'

Undoubtedly the greatest enemy with which the pioneers had to contend was malarial fever which, in those days, was little understood, and no precautions were taken against it. Although the use of quinine as a remedy was well known, it was not until 1894 that medical science associated malaria with the mosquito. Howard writes:

'Among the earliest arrival in Salisbury was Father Prestage, who brought up Mother Patrick and six other Dominican Sisters whose untiring devotion and selfsacrifice under most trying conditions will ever remain a heritage for this country, and whose memory is kept green by the annual pilgrimage to Mother Patrick's last resting place in Salisbury Cemetery by the survivors of the Column on Occupation Day.'

Foremost, too, in the campaign for relieving sickness was Dr Rand who invented a remedy known as Rand's 'Kicker', which Carruthers describes as 'that beastly stuff of his that left its nauseous taste for hours afterwards, but was, however, a sure cure.'

Cripps was an inmate of Dr Rand's hospital. He writes:

'I had a spell in hospital then managed by Rand with Farmaner (later Resident Magistrate and Civil Commissioner, Salisbury) as orderly, and very nice and clean did he keep himself and the huts where the patients were put up. There was also a hospital marquee tent where I was dosed regularly with Rand's "Kicker", a horrible but effective mixture of many drugs. The doctor was once in Jamaica and knew how to tackle malaria. He was very deaf even in those days. A born doctor, I should say, and his manner was sympathetic and kindly.'

On one occasion Cripps brought a comrade of his, Darling, into hospital:

'Darling was unconscious when the time for his removal came. We only just managed to negotiate the flats and swamps, sticking fast on many occasions, but we got over the twenty miles with Darling lying in the cartel of the wagon. We were all very weak but able to fend for ourselves. We handed Darling over to Dr Rand's care and he managed to pull through,

being in hospital four months altogether. Having been a medical student in Dublin he was able to help Rand after a time in the mixing of his concoctions. When he was leaving he asked the doctor for his bill, which, however, the doctor did not render but gave him instead a present of £10. It was not for his skill as a doctor alone that Rand was much liked, but also for his kindness of heart, although I have heard him scolding a policeman for coming back to hospital with a relapse of fever. "I suppose you have been eating tomatoes and pumpkins, you fool" said the doctor, "although I told you not to do so". "Well, doctor, I had nothing else to eat in the way of vegetables" replied the policeman. We had not in those days got very far in our study of malaria.'

Cripps thus sums up the first rainy season in Mashonaland which set in immediately after the arrival of the Pioneer column:

'The rain during the first season was one of the heaviest I have known and in Salisbury Father Hartmann registered sixty-three inches. On one occasion heavy rains fell for four days and five nights and the country was under water.

One noticeable feature was that the rivers did not get muddy as they do now, owing to the fact that there was no tramping out of veld or cattle paths, and no erosion of soil in consequence. The small kaffir lands were few and far between and were all managed on the ridge-and-furrow system in order to prevent the washing away of the crops. With the white man came all the evils attendant on their system of ploughing, over-stocking and dipping causing frightful damage and denudation of our soil. In 1891 it was almost impossible to get wagons along as animals and wagons sunk in and stuck fast, and it was not until April that transport could be resumed and then under difficult conditions ... This one season proved quite enough for many a man who cleared out never to return, and it indeed seemed as if the country was unfit for white settlement with the appalling length of grass, the swamps, the wild animals and insects, and then on top of all, the fever which did indeed fill many a cup of bitterness to overflowing.'

The year 1891 found the inhabitants of Salisbury in parlous condition. Their first rainy

season had been one of exceptional severity and most of those who had set out on their prospecting expeditions with high hopes returned riddled with fever and almost destitute. The state of the pioneer road made it most difficult to get up supplies of essentials, and what had been brought up by the Pioneer Column was quickly exhausted. With another rainy season facing them their state of mind can easily be imagined, and feelings ran high. A Vigilance Committee was formed and Cripps, who played a prominent part in its operations, gives us interesting information about it:

'When we came into Salisbury we found that people were very much discontented with things in general and had formed a vigilance committee to try and get them set right. Someone had discovered by the help of an expostmaster that private correspondence had been interfered with, letters opened, and the parts that gave a bad report of the country had been removed and the mutilated letters sent on. Then food supplies had been very short and, as the rainy season came in October, it was thought advisable to ginger up

the Chartered Company on this matter. Then a great grievance still existed in connection with the Pioneer Farm Rights, which had not yet been located although much of the picked lands had got into the hands of the companies and people of influence. Schermbrucker and Advocate Bird took a leading part in the agitation, and the latter at the first anniversary dinner in Salisbury made a fierce attack upon the Chartered Company. I was appointed Chairman of one of the sub-committees and with me were Fleming, King and Corduroy. We interviewed Dr Jameson, the then Administrator, but got nothing out of him. When approached by us, he said, "Halloa, Cripps, what is this vigilance committee ? It smacks of lamposts and hanging." "Not at all, doctor", I replied. "We merely ask for what the Company's agent promised us, that is 3,000 acres of good agricultural land, freehold." "You can have a farm by occupation, the same as all new-comers," said he. "No", I said, "it must be freehold with no conditions of occupation attached as we have got mining rights and have to work our claims, and we have nothing with

which to farm". He would not give way so we decided to see Rhodes upon arrival. This we did with good results. We were quite determined about getting our farms promised to all pioneers by Major Johnson on Rhodes's instructions. At Johannesburg Mandy had engaged us on the following conditions - 7/6d, per diem and all found, and the right to mark off fifteen claims and 3,000 acres of good agricultural land freehold, but it was stated for political reasons that no undertakings on paper could be given. As a matter of fact the Land Concession was in Lippert's hands and was purchased later on by the Chartered Company. Upon our disbandment Johnson on parade had told us that the farms could not be marked off as the land was not yet in the hands of the Chartered Company. When Rhodes arrived in 1891 my Committee arranged to see him in a hut near the Cathedral. He was shaving and undressed, and Drs Harris and Jameson were with him. He greeted us nicely and began at once to discuss our business. After a bit he said, "I see you have been promised the land by Johnson, so let us get him in and see

what he has to say to it." Johnson was handy, and upon Rhodes asking him whether he had promised us the farms, he said, "Yes". Rhodes then asked him who authorised him to do so, and he said, "Why, you to be sure". It was then agreed that we were to have our wish in all details except that dealing with freehold as Rhodes insisted upon a quit rent of £1 per annum. This we agreed to accept, and then Rhodes instructed Harris to put down the terms in the shape of a letter which was read to us. So that there should be no misunderstanding it was read to us no less than three times and we went away rejoicing. Rhodes grasped the points at issue at once and was very pleasant to deal with, quite different to Jameson who was quite uncompromising and treated our statements as if of no account. I had this letter as Chairman but Corduroy got it on loan and that was the last I ever saw of it. Upon this document are based the Pioneer A Titles by which the farms are held to this day.'

The clearing up of the question of pegging farms gave some impetus in this direction, and Carruthers has something to tell us about it:

'In December 1891, I built a decent farmhouse out near the Makwatzi Port, Umvukwe. My friends Ernest Hurrell, Harold Brodrick and Schultz, took up land adjoining me. It was here Selous and I agreed to meet about Christmas to peg our farms.

I assisted him to locate "Little England", his grant of twelve farms from the Charter Coy, for bringing up the pioneers.

I remember well his laughing about people taking to shorts remarking that he had set the fashion. They did not realize that if ever he was seen in shorts, that it was because he was forced to cut off the legs to patch the seat of his trousers. Selous always wore long trousers stuck in his socks. He was never partial to leggings.

CHAPTER FIVE

MANICALAND

No sooner had the pioneers settled themselves in Mashonaland than trouble began with the Portuguese who claimed prescriptive rights over that part of the Mashonaland plateau that abuts on to Portuguese East Africa known as Manicaland. The focal point was the kraal of the chief Mtasa who, in September 1890, entered into an agreement with the Chartered Company granting to the Company the mineral rights in his territory and undertaking that no land would be given to anyone without the Company's consent. This agreement the Portuguese resented, and it became evident that forceful measures needed to be taken to ensure the establishment of the Company's rights.

I do not propose here to enter into the history of the dispute except in so far as it is pertinent to our narrative. It will suffice to note that Major Forbes with a small force was despatched to Mtasa's where he captured Colonel Andrade, one of the principal agents of the Mozambique

Company, and Gouveia, the governor of the Gorongosa Province. He then advanced to Macequece where a Portuguese fort had been established which was a potential menace to Mashonaland. Of this action we have accounts by Cripps and Montague which are given in considerable detail. That of Cripps is as follows:

'One day in the beginning of May 1891, Ogilvie rode up to my camp at the foot of the kopje and called out, "I say, do any of you fellows want to go to Manica as the Company is sending an expedition down?" We were all rather dicky and I had dysentery. I, however, volunteered and determined to live on rice alone until cured. This I did and got quite well on the road. Those wishing to volunteer had to go and see the Administrator, Colquhoun. There were about 10 of us all told. Selous was to guide us down, wagons were provided and we were to get 7/6d. a day and rations. The Administrator recited the reasons for going which were the occupation of the district and the enforcement of the company's claims as against those of the Portuguese. We said we were willing to go if Major Forbes

would guarantee the fulfilment of the contract as we considered ourselves done down over the non-payment of our 3,000 acres each for our services. Forbes re-assured us and we signed on. Forbes had already arrested the three Portuguese representatives at Mtasa's kraal and there had been great excitement in Portugal. Many had volunteered to go out and evict the B.S.A. Company then in possession of Manica. It was essential that Mashonaland be occupied beneficially; hence the urgency in the matter of our going. It took nine days of travel and we reached Umtali Police Camp on the 14th May. At Macheke river we met Clayton (nicknamed "Sundown" from his flaring red face) and he told us that he had orders to rush on at all costs. He carried the news that Captain Heyman had, on the 11th May, fought the Portuguese under Col. Ferreira and Captain Bettencourt at Macequece fort and driven them backwards towards the coast after inflicting considerable loss on them ... We had trouble getting through the Odzi and here again saw Clayton who must have passed us in the night. He was stationed on the river and

gave us a hand in inspanning some wild oxen. I saw one ox which had a reim on its horns make a rush at him but he stood firm and got in a kick on the nose which made the brute think better of it. At the foot of Devil's Pass we stuck in a stream bed where we had trouble with the chains which broke when the oxen put their weight on to them. I can still see Selous standing holding up a lantern and peering down on the backs of the oxen as they pulled and broke the chain for the second or third time. He was busy emptying his mind of hard thoughts amongst which he compared the Chartered Company to its rotten chains. On the 14th May we reached the Police Camp on Fort Hill in the Penhalonga valley. Here we helped a few prospectors to build the fort on the top of the hill.

'We learned many details of the Macequece fight from the men who took part in it. Col. Heyman left Umtali camp on the 6th May with 48 troopers and prospectors (forty-two of the former and six of the latter). On the 8th May Mtasa's impi, which had been sent for, arrived commanded by Zambazo and Matika, an induna.

Macequece fort had been partly built at this time. The fight took place on the 11th May. The Portuguese, 6,000 strong, advanced from entrenched positions behind Macequece fort in two bodies and fired on Heyman's pickets. Heyman was posted on a hill two miles on the Umtali side of Macequece. The fight started at 2 p.m. and lasted two hours, the Portuguese being repulsed with heavy loss. Heyman estimated that thirty were killed. Fire opened at 4-500 yards. The Fort was evacuated on the night of the 11th by the Portuguese who abandoned stores, ammunition and nine machine guns among which were two Nordenfelds and seven Hotchkiss with broken springs. The Mashona natives took no part in the fight but looted the fort on the night of its evacuation. Fiennes left Umtali on the 13th May with wagons to bring up the Portuguese guns and stores and returned on the 22nd. Heyman returned on the 16th. It appears that some Portuguese students were sent up from Delagoa Bay but only fifty arrived at Macequece, the balance being left on the road sick with fever ... The majority of the

Portuguese troops were natives - Askaris as we should call them. We noticed that the chief part of the loot consisted of rather nice cooking pots which were highly valued, countless cigarette papers in little covers and a few yards of limbo, most of which was collared by Mtasa's men in the night of the evacuation. There were boots too and a variety of wearing apparel. One policeman named Green had, when looting, drunk such a quantity that he had died of alcoholic poisoning. There was a good deal of sickness among the returning police who had been much exposed to malarial attacks at an unhealthy time in a very malarious spot ... On the 4th June we were disbanded and some were sent back to Salisbury, I being among the number. Rations were scarce and before leaving I went up to draw mine. I was given some tins of bully-beef. Heyman spotted me going off with my arms full of tins and roared out to me to return them at once. This I did of course and our meat supply consisted of fly-stricken trek-ox in consequence.'

Montague's account is:

'We had been at Hartley Hills about a month prospecting when Captain Heany came to me and asked me if I thought I could get some forty of the old pioneers to "drift" into the Umtali district and occupy it as the chief had given the Chartered Company a concession. I managed this all right and we went back to Salisbury where we got 200 rounds of ammunition for Martinis per man, and a wagon and oxen and a certain amount of food, and we made for Umtali passing Rusawe, Headlands, and Devil's Pass down to M'tasa's. There Captain Hoste with Major Forbes and nine police joined us and the Portuguese officers and officials, who had come to M'tasa's and who claimed the right to the country, were arrested. Colonel Andrade and Commandant Gouveia were sent to Salisbury and the other men released on parole. We went on to Macequece Fort and Baron Rezende handed over everything. We bought a few necessary articles and came back to our wagons near Umtali where the Mission now is. Our (civilian) kit had been taken from us at Mafeking

and uniform given out, and a promise was made our kit should come on with us, but it did not and I never saw mine for two years. My uniform trousers were so patched and darned with various coloured threads that Joseph's coat of many colours was completely eclipsed. I had one pair of boots which I cut down to shoes and used to wear on Sundays, the rest of the time going barefoot.

'In 1891 the Portuguese returned with some 600 men and officers and a lot of quick-firing guns, and reoccupied Macequece Fort stating they were claiming the whole of Manicaland and would turn us out of the country. Captain Heyman commanding A Troop, B.S.A.P., went down to Sbua, about two miles away. He had a mixed force of police and ex-pioneers. During the night an old seven-pounder gun was brought down. The next day the Portuguese commandant and some of his men came up to see Captain Heyman who told the greater portion of his men to remain out of sight, and draped the gun with canvas making it look like a tent. I believe he informed the commandant he had been sent on

by the General commanding troops in Manica-land who was close by with the main force. The Portuguese officers left and next morning three columns of Portuguese troops came out of Macequece Fort, each column about 200 strong, and advanced to Captain Heyman's position. Captain Heyman fired a blank charge and, as that had no effect, followed up with grape. This demoralised the Portuguese soldiers as they had no idea of our strength or that we had a gun. Our men were scattered about firing indiscriminately from various points of vantage. Tulloch did a plucky thing in going out under fire and cutting down a tree that obstructed the gun fire and gave shelter to a sharpshooter on the Portuguese side who twice hit the gun. The Portuguese officers behaved well and tried to keep their men well in hand but without effect, as the whole force was soon in full retreat on the fort leaving dead and wounded and some arms. Forty-seven bodies were found in a hole of water and a lot of rifles.

'The next day Daddy Farrell was rigged out in Captain Heyman's Artillery uniform and sent on horseback with a white flag to offer the services

of our doctor if they were required. He returned saying that the fort had been evacuated and there appeared to be a lot of quick-firing guns and ammunition there. When we reached the fort we found a large supply of food stuff, ammunition, guns, dynamite, detonators and spirits of wine and Vino Tinto, also eleven quick-firing guns. Captain Heyman gave orders to get as many guns away as soon as possible, blow up those we could not take, get a supply of food etc. and we then piled up what remained into a huge heap, poured spirits of wine over it and set it alight. Soon there was a very big explosion and where the fort had been a huge hole remained.

'Next morning the Hon. St Eustace Fisher was sent with six mounted men along the paths to Beira to gain news of the Portuguese. He got as far as Umluwan's kraal, where he found a stockaded fort had been built and some Portuguese in it. Whilst reconnoitering Major Sapte (Lord Rosemead's secretary) and Bishop Knight Bruce appeared and told him that an armistice had been entered into between Portugal and England and matters were to be left to arbitration. The officer

in charge of the fort then invited all of them into the fort and said that if he had been called up to surrender he would have done so although he had sixty men and four quick-firers in the fort.

'That practically ended all hostilities. A commission of British and Portuguese officials fixed the boundary line after Signor Vigilante (an Italian Senator) had fixed it as arbitrator, and no trouble had since arisen.'

Immediately after the Portuguese trouble the town of Umtali sprang into being, a site in the Penhalonga valley about one mile from where St Augustine's Mission now stands having been selected. It was called Fort Umtali. It transpired, however, that it happened to be within a highly auriferous area and it was quickly pegged out by prospectors. Another site had therefore to be chosen. This time, in 1891, it was moved about seven miles further west. Cripps tells us of the progress made in establishing the town:

'Old Umtali was a lively little town with one business street and a few houses dotted about, with a hospital and police camp about 4 mile away on the commonage. In the town are an

English church, three hotels, four stores, a gaol, the Magistrate's court, a dramatic society, a public library and a sports club which did its racing in Main Street, athletic sports being also held in the same place. There were about 150 inhabitants in the town which was kept in order by a Sanitary Board.'

Rhodes was anxious to gain access to the sea which had been denied him in Manicaland and he turned his attention to Gazaland where the chief Gungunyana, held sway. His efforts in this direction would doubtless have been successful had not international politics thwarted him. By a final convention signed on the 11th June, 1891, Gazaland was made over to the Portuguese in return for an extended sphere of British influence in other parts of East Africa. Southern Rhodesia was thus deprived of a seaport.

In order to follow as far as possible the sequence of events we must now return to Fort Victoria which, as soon as the pioneer column passed through, began to develop as an important trading place and centre of communication. In the wake of the pioneers came a number of

prospective settlers and traders who, on finding encouraging prospects at Fort Victoria, decided to stay there at any rate for the time being. Among those who arrived early was Jack Carruthers. About the same time the Transvaal Boers made a move to enter the country which they had for some time regarded as their hinterland and to which they looked as a direction for future expansion. Here is what Carruthers has to say about it:

'In April 1891, in company with Willie and Harry Posselt we travelled the new road to the Limpopo Drift, where a number of wagons were waiting to cross. Among these were a number of Dutch trekkers who had been stopped by the Police and were camped by the river on the Transvaal side. On my meeting Dr Jameson at Tuli and explaining the position, he, with Sir John Willoughby went to interview them. They were granted the privilege of following on into Mashonaland on condition that they recognised the laws and ruling of the Charter Coy allowing any of the party to peg off a farm under the Occupation Clause. They were charged one

pound registration of grant, with a yearly quit rent of Three Pounds, which gave them the right to locate 1500 morgen of land.

'Quite a few of these trekkers settled on the high veld and named the District Enkeldoorn. These early Dutch settlers shared the trials and privations of the occupation of Mashonaland, and carried on the hard task as transport riders and traders, much to the relief of the Commisariat and the comfort of both columns, 1890-1893. They have served the country as loyal citizens, suffering a great deal through the period of the Rinderpest and the Rebellion of 1896.'

One of the Dutch immigrants was found by Carruthers lost on the veld. I quote what he says as an interesting comment on the hardships and privations which these early settlers experienced:

'Van der Reit was found forty days later by a Dutch family trekking to Rhodesia, who were following up the Bubi river. While looking for water they came upon his spoor and found him quite deranged, partly naked, and his teeth all worn down from eating nuts and hard matter. He lived in an ant-bear hole and refused to speak.

After getting him to the wagon, and feeding him on milk and sops, to the delight of his friends, he spoke in Dutch asking, "Where am I?" "Who are you people?" '

In December 1892, Thomas Moodie and his party of intending settlers crossed the Sabi river and, on New Year's Day 1893, they came within sight of their future home in the Melsetter district, which under their beneficial occupation, was destined to become one of the most fertile areas in the country.

Another settler whose reminiscences have been bound into a volume which reposes on the shelves of the Archives was Mr John Meikle. From it I have made the following abstract:

'We arrived at Fort Victoria on the 7th May, 1891. The original site of Fort Victoria consisted of a few wattle and daub buildings and a roughly thrown up ground fort surmounted by sacks filled with sand. Ours was the first consignment of fresh stocks of general merchandise to arrive in the country since its occupation. Our plans for the future were still very indefinite. We decided, if we could sell

out, that we would do so and return for a further lot of goods. But things were in a very bad way - there was no money in the place, very little outside capital having up to then come in to develop the mines. The pioneers were for the most part scattered over the country prospecting and pegging farms, earning next to nothing. The store-keepers very much resented our advent; they had been making huge profits, selling the B.S.A.'s old stocks. After Tom arrived it was decided that there was nothing for it but to open a store and retail the goods we had brought with us. Consequently a very rough shelter was run up, using the whiskey cases for a wall and a bucksail for a roof. We were soon-ready to start business. Sugar was selling at 1/6d. per lb. and we reduced it to 6d., and other things in proportion, the result being that whatever little business was done came to us. Our fresh stocks were an additional attraction. Flour was unprocurable until then.

'Stewart remained behind to run the business while Tom and I returned for more goods. These were ordered from Durban to be at Pretoria ready

for our arrival at that point. This is the story of the start of the firm of Meikle Brothers. Little did we think at the time that the business would grow and develop as it has done, that the firm would eventually take a leading part in the commercial life of the country. Most things have small beginnings and our venture was one of them.

'In the interval between my journeys the Matabele impi had crossed the main road on one of their raiding bouts. I saw the tracks that they had made when returning, and judging by these they must have collected a fair number of cattle. Some of the tracks leave an impression on the ground that can be seen and followed years after. They form parallel paths running in lines where the country permits. The usual practice was to swoop down on the unaware Mashona in a part of the country which it was decided beforehand should be raided, kill all the men and old women they found, and then carry off the cattle, young women and children. The excuse for the raid was that somebody in that part had offended His Majesty King Lobengula. These raids were

carried out with the utmost secrecy and speed. As frequently happened the alarm would be given, announced from one kraal to another. "Mazweti wia" struck terror into those who heard that warning cry. Most of the Mashonas had hiding places for themselves and their stock in the rocks and caves and, if the warning came in time, the chances are that they would escape as the Matabele had no time to invade a place which was difficult to take. In those days the Mashona built his huts high up in amongst the rocks on the kopjes and these were usually fortified. It was wonderful how their cattle could get into some of the places where they lived.'

CHAPTER SIX

THE MATABELE WAR

Between 1890 and 1893 people continued to arrive in Fort Victoria. In the latter year the trouble began which quickly flared up into a state of war between the Chartered Company and Lobengula.

As the reason for the outbreak of the war is not apparent in the pioneers' reminiscences, some digression is necessary in order to explain it. This I shall do in as few words as possible and leave the pioneers to continue the story.

In 1892 the Matabele began to give trouble by sending raiding parties into Mashonaland and caused consternation among the Mashona people who regarded themselves as under white protection. Dr Jameson expostulated with Lobengula who replied to the effect that he had only sent his impi to collect taxes due before the Pioneer Column had arrived, but that he did not intend to molest the white men. But the trouble did not end there. The same sort of thing was repeated and the Mashona people who were being set upon and killed by the Matabele, began to question the value of the protection they had been led to look for from the white men. The settlers at Fort Victoria, in which district the disturbances took place, were very patient, not wishing by any action of theirs to provoke a conflict, but they soon became aware that, if something was not done to check the

inroads of the Matabele, the situation would become untenable as no progress could be made in such uncertain conditions. Lobengula did not want to have to go to war but he found it increasingly difficult to control his restless soldiers who, confident of their ability to wipe out the white man, were spoiling for a fight. Early in July 1893, the Matabele were in the neighbourhood of Fort Victoria and within 48 hours all the Mashona mine workers near by ran away, as did other natives working for the white people. These unfortunate people were instantly set upon by the Matabele wherever they could be found, and massacred. Nearby farms belonging to the white settlers were raided the small stock killed and the cattle looted. In this tense situation a clash was inevitable. The inhabitants of Fort Victoria had kept their hands off the Matabele until the need for ensuring their own safety and that of the women and children in their midst impelled them to take drastic action. Even then it was with considerable hesitancy that they took active measures to repel the disturbers of their peace.



Old Bulawayo as the Column found it when they arrived. The building with windows in the left background was the wagon shed with, next to it, Lobengula's two-roomed store, its plaster showing white. The pantry of Government House is said to be on the site of this store. (Photo supplied by Mr. Aston Redrup)

John Meikle now takes up the tale:

'I now come to the period June 1893 when the Matabele invaded Mashonaland, crossing the border west of Fort Victoria, and surrounding the township. It was on a Sunday. I was lying in bed with a bad attack of fever. From early morning I seemed to hear what appeared to be a hum of many voices and I could not think what it meant. It turned out that the noise was caused by hundreds of Mashonas coming in from outside for protection. The first I knew about it was from a transport rider whose wagons had loaded goods for our Salisbury branch on the previous day. He came to tell me that the Matabele were coming and that he was going off to get his oxen. Dressing hurriedly I went outside and the Matabele were coming down on either side of the town and closing in at the lower end, killing any unfortunate native servants they happened to come across in sight of their masters.

'After surrounding the town, about twenty indunas headed by the king's nephew and favourite general, came into the township bringing a letter from the king. There were on

that day only about 30 white people in the town, the other residents being absent on outside work such as mining, prospecting, farming and trading. Being the only one then in town who could speak Zulu, the Civil Commissioner asked me to act as interpreter. The letter from the king was to the effect that he had sent his impi, estimated at 5,000 strong, to punish certain Mashonas who had stolen his cattle but that strict instructions had been given that the soldiers were in no way to interfere with the white people. At the same time the white people must not interfere with the impi in the execution of its duty. When the Civil Commissioner had read this communication he told them that he was only a servant of the government, and that the big chief, meaning Dr Jameson, lived in Salisbury and would be communicated with at once. In the meantime he would ask them to do nothing until the chief's arrival. To this the indunas hesitatingly agreed, and it was arranged they were to camp about eight miles out of the town to the north-west.

About two miles west of Fort Victoria is a low granite ridge running parallel to the town, on

which a number of Mashonas had built their living huts and granaries. That night the whole country westward was lit by burning huts. It was so light the Matabele warriors could be seen distinctly walking about on the ridge. The first thing done was to warn everyone outside in the country to come in, and during the next day all these had arrived in Fort Victoria.

'The Fort was a big rectangle with towers at the south and north corners, the government offices, court house etc. being built on as a part of the fort. One of the offices in the court house was turned into a hospital and patients were moved into it, the nurses (the Dominican Sisters) having their quarters in it also. Some of the townspeople continued to sleep in their houses for a night or two, then everyone was ordered inside the Fort at night. The Doctor said I had better go into hospital and I stuck it for about three hours. Just as I was walking out I met the Doctor and told him that I could not stand it any longer. Meanwhile, while Dr Jameson's arrival was being awaited, every able-bodied man had to go into training. I was attached to the artillery

and, as we had no horses, we had to drag the gun carriages about ourselves. Being one of the biggest I was inspanned in the shafts and, when it came to crossing a stream, while the others crossed over on stepping stone, I had to walk through and get wet.

'One day the Civil Commissioner invited the principal indunas in and gave them presents of blankets, etc. In order to impress them with our strength he rather foolishly invited them to inspect the guns in the towers. This enabled them to look inside the Fort and what they saw there displeased them very much. It was packed with Mashona men, women and children refugees. The chief induna wanted these handed over, but his request was not complied with.

'People were still coming into the country many bringing horses, and, as they arrived, they were immediately put into training. By the time Dr Jameson arrived, about two weeks after the invasion began, there were about 200 men in the town.

'Meanwhile the Matabele Were not idle.



The Court House, Fort Victoria, with the men of the Victoria Column, July 1893. The watch tower in the centre still stands (Central African Archives)

Night after night the sky was lit up east of the town and huts were burning where the impis passed through with assegais and fire. For fifty miles the country was laid waste and not a kraal was left standing. The inmates, however, for the most part took refuge with their flocks and herds in inaccessible places. Their greatest loss was their granaries which meant that they would have to go short of food until the next season's crop was harvested.'

Carruthers had, on the suggestion of Rhodes, organised a party which he called the 'Somerset Trek' consisting of forty families which were promised free grants on land. They started from Vereeniging and journeyed up through the Transvaal. They caught up with Tom Meikle on the way, his wagons loaded with provisions for Salisbury. They travelled on together to Fort Victoria. With him on his trek northwards was E. E. Bradfield who also gives us a description of Fort Victoria, which he found under arms, very similar to that of John Meikle just quoted at length. We will

omit the next part of Meikle's story and allow Bradfield to narrate his part in what took place:

'Eventually Dr Jameson, who was then Administrator, arrives from Salisbury, and I was one of a party of three sent out to give a message to the Matabele that Dr Jameson wanted to see the Indunas the next day. We gave the message to the first Matabele we came upon, Brabant was the linguist. This was about three miles from Victoria, close to Mangwendi's old kraal. We did not take any risks and just gave our message and retreated. Next day a party of Matabele were seen by the look-out man approaching the town, and Brabant and I were sent by Dr Jameson to show them in. We also had to tell them to lay down their arms. This they did after some demur. We referred to Captain Lendy's meeting with the Indunas when he went ahead to meet them unarmed and without any escort. There were about 50 Indunas and followers. We led them in and Dr Jameson received them outside the laager gates. The historic interview took place - Colonel Napier acting as interpreter -

which ended in Dr Jameson giving them an hour to make a move towards the Shasha river, 30 miles away. Some of the Indunas were very impertinent.

'It was an occasion for a very firm attitude. The Matabele hordes could have wiped us out, but Dr Jameson knew that we should be avenged by the Motherland with the British Army, and some of the Matabele knew it too. We were 700 miles from the railhead and without any reinforcements. The full mounted strength of the laager was turned out to follow up and see that the Doctor's orders were obeyed.'

Meikle then continues:

'The mounted men, about sixty in all, were ready inside the Fort. We were told to go and have something to eat and, when the two hours had elapsed, we sallied forth, Captain Lendy, an Imperial Officer, in command.

'As we rode out of the gate of the Fort the Matabele were visible, a black shadow as if the sun had clouded over that part of the country. They had been brought on to the low granite

ridge two miles to the west while the indunas came into the conference. Evidently they did not take Dr Jim seriously and were undecided what to do next. As we drew near they moved off and disappeared over the side. Advance guards were put out and, as we passed through a gap in the ridge, it was reported they had come into touch with Matabele who were retiring.

Arrived in the flat country beyond the ridge, they had spread out and taken to their heels. The country hereabouts was fairly open, with single trees and small clumps of bush scattered about. The order was given to open out in skirmishing order and charge, Captain Lendy drawing his sword and leading. As we came within range the bugle sounded the open fire. We all dismounted and began firing at the fleeing Matabele. One of the first to fall was the king's nephew, the head induna, who was in command of the expedition. He was a fine big specimen of a Zulu who was too proud to run and he followed the others at a walk until he fell. He was on my right front about one hundred and fifty yards away. Somehow I could not bring myself to open fire

on him although he was nearest to me. Instead I aimed at those who were running. We mounted our horses and charged right into them and it was each man for himself, developing into a running fight if it could be called a fight. It seemed to me to be all one-sided, for no attempt was made by the Matabele to retaliate. This continued for several miles until no Matabele were in sight. The bugle sounded and we came together; no one was wounded. One man had a bloodstained handkerchief tied round his head - his horse had fallen with him. That was the only casualty. Most of the shooting was done from horseback as we galloped along. I rode right into a pit, but saw it too late to swerve, and it was too wide for the horse to leap. Fortunately it was not very deep and the horse jumped right into it and scrambled out the other side. The feeling I had before we went into action was one of wondering whether I would be very scared and hoping, if I was, I would not show it. Once we got going this feeling entirely disappeared in the excitement.

'After we had been given breathing space and our horses a short rest, one of the officers

ordered us to take ten men and scout ahead to try to find out what had become of the main body of the Matabele. After proceeding some distance we heard firing and, galloping towards where the sound came from, we came upon a miniature battle between a party of Matabele and some Mashonas. The Matabele were not visible being between ourselves and the Mashonas in a gully. The Mashonas were on a flat sloping rock about 600 yards distant. The order was given to open fire. Some of us pointed out that they were Mashonas but the officer commanding would not have it and some of the men began firing. The Mashonas could not understand at first what was happening, but when bullets began to hit the rock beside them they soon took to their heels, running up the rock until they disappeared into their hiding places. Just then about 300 Matabele appeared at the top of the gully and, as they crossed an open space, we gave them a pretty warm reception. The order was given to retire and we rejoined the main body and, as it was getting late, we were ordered to return. On the way back we passed several places where the

Mashonas in their stronghold amongst the kopjes had held out against the Matabele, several of whom were lying about dead, showing that the Mashonas had made good use of their old muzzle loading rifles.

'At one place the Native Commissioner of the district stopped close to a small kopje where two Matabele were lying dead. Not a sign of life was visible but it was evident that the Native Commissioner knew the place. After repeated calls first one head appeared over the top, then another, until about 400 men, women and children were in view, no doubt feeling greatly relieved when they were told the Matabele had been driven across the border.

'Travelling from Fort Victoria to Bulawayo the following May when the war was over, I slept at a Matabele kraal and in discussing the war generally with the men, I was interested to hear them tell of one Matabele warrior who must have got separated from the rest in the running fight, as he fled back to Bulawayo spreading the report at every kraal that he was the only one left alive out of the impi, and that the white men on

horses were following close behind him. This created consternation throughout the country and for a hundred miles inland natives fled in all directions with their stock and possessions. On arrival at Bulawayo the warrior reported the matter to the king, who promptly ordered him to be put to death as a bearer of evil news.

'Returning to the fort we were cheered as heroes and perhaps I felt like one for a few seconds but this did not last. Military life and operations were now taken up in earnest and every precaution was taken against a surprise attack. Scouting parties were sent out daily. At about three o'clock every morning the alarm was sounded, the walls were manned, and all units stood to their posts until daylight. Being attached to the gun squad I was in luck's way. My station was in the central chamber of one of the towers which was three storeys high, and all I had to do was to light a candle when the alarm went and lie down again.

'All wagons, oxen and breeding stock were sent out of town to a spot about twelve miles south where there was natural protection among

the kopjes. This was turned into a stronghold and a small guard of white men and natives put in charge. The place was known as Natal camp.

'There were still a few arrivals coming in from the south. They had been on the road when the trouble started and they formed themselves into parties for mutual protection in case of attack. Tom was in one of the parties and he sent a message asking me to try and arrange for an escort to be sent out to meet the party and to bring some oxen to replace those exhausted by the hard trekking. I placed the matter before Captain Lendy but he said it was impossible to spare men as it would weaken his position in the event of an attack, and that he was not prepared to take the risk. He told me, however, if I felt like going myself he would not stop me. Accordingly, I arranged to start off at once and a friend lent me 18 big oxen which were at Natal camp. It was a starlight night and no moon. There was no path to ride on and the country was broken with kopjes, small streams and ravines with bogs which one had to be careful to avoid ... At daylight I struck the main road. Towards

sundown, much to my relief, I met the party at the Tokwe river.

I had only arrived a short time and was having something to eat when one of the herd boys came rushing in breathlessly to say that Matabele were only a short distance away, dealing out death and destroying all the kraals along their path. A council of defence was called and those with horses were for deserting the wagons and making for Fort Victoria. Tom and I decided against this and made all hands set to and push the loaded wagons into position to form a protection against attack. Meanwhile a couple of reliable natives were sent off to a Mashona kraal a short distance away to obtain news of what was actually happening. Having completed the work of forming the wagons into a square, the horses were placed within to prevent any from leaving during the night. The oxen were tied up to their yokes about 100 yards away from the wagons. We had now done everything possible in preparation for an attack. The two natives who had been sent to make enquiries returned, and reported that the Matabele were

some distance off in Chibi's country. There was general relief at the news. Wagons were pushed into place again', oxen inspanned and about 9 o'clock we made a start. I remember little else until the following morning when the wagons outspanned at Fern Spruit. After breakfast Tom told me to ride on to Fort Victoria and, if I did not return, he would know that there was no immediate danger. Once more I rode through Providential Pass and finding everything quiet on my arrival at the Fort, stayed there. Tom arrived and offloaded but would not stay. With some others he took the risk and returned with the wagons for more loads.

'Preparations were now being made for the invasion and occupation of Matabeleland. It was decided to send a force of about 200 men from Victoria and a similar number from Salisbury, the two columns to join at Iron Mine Hill. Allan Wilson, who had seen service in other kaffir wars, was to be in command of the Victoria Column and Major Patrick Forbes the Salisbury Column. The majority of the men who joined up were volunteers resident in the country,

augmented by the B.S.A.P. and a party of hard cases recruited from the Rand. The latter arrived in Victoria after the Column had left and, as most of them were without suitable boots or clothing, they were handed out what had been left over after the main body had been fitted out. The articles consisted mainly of sizes above or below the average, the result being that, when they left the place, they carried their new kit, being unable to get into it because it was too large or too small. This was soon rectified when they joined the main column by exchanging with others (while they were asleep). Before their advent all was peace and quietness, everyone was trusty and trusting, but all this was soon changed and, to hold what belonged to you, meant literally sitting on it all the time. The only reliable man I had in the store was attached to the gun squad. I made many attempts to persuade him to remain behind and take charge of the store while I joined up. This he refused to do. Allan Wilson had offered me a commission if I would go. Had the business been my own I would have closed it, but I had others to consider

and I felt it very keenly when all my friends joined up, and I felt conscious of letting them down. There was no compulsion and everyone was free to go or stay. It seemed a foolhardy undertaking yet no one who could possibly get away hesitated. For about 400 men with only sufficient supplies to take them there, not too well equipped, and with no lines of communication, to attempt such an expedition was characteristic of the man who organised the undertaking. The very rashness of the thing had a good deal to do with its success as the Matabele did not appear to take things seriously. They did not seem to realise until too late that we were out to annex their country for keeps. They thought it was only a raiding party like one of their own which was out to collect cattle, and that when sufficient had been got together, the party would return whence it had come.'

Matabele Wilson journeyed down from Salisbury to Bulawayo in 1893 prior to the outbreak of the war, and he notes in his reminiscences that on his way he met numbers of natives armed with fire-arms. Some had muzzle-

loading guns and others the new Martini-Henry rifles which Lobengula had received from the Chartered Company. That and the fact that the king was putting many regiments down on and along the road was, to his mind, sufficient evidence that Lobengula wanted to have a lot of fighting men between the whites and himself. On arriving at Bulawayo he wrote the following:

'During the three days I was at Bulawayo there seemed to be some big indaba going on in the goat kraal between the king and some of his chiefs. Once or twice I noticed that the king was sitting inside the wagon with his head in his hands, looking somewhat anxious. On the second day while we were busy cleaning the guns, the king sent a slave for one of them. Fairbairn went into the kraal with it. The king gave it to an induna called Umgandeni with a command to take an impi and go to the Victoria district in Mashonaland, and punish the natives there as some of them had been heard of stealing the king's cattle. When we were leaving the king's kraal that night we met Mlegela, the king's brother. We stood outside the kraal sometime

talking with him. He told us that the king was sending Umgandeni with an impi to Victoria to punish the natives and that they were not to bring back any slaves. They would do as Mzilikazi, the king's father, had done-sweep them off the face of the earth - which meant the wholesale massacre of the Mashonas. When we reached Dawson's place that night we were told by Dawson that he had written a letter at the king's request, and had given it to a boy called Buhlungu who used to work for the whites to take to Victoria. This letter was to inform the whites that the impi would not interfere with them. They were only going to punish the natives. The boy also carried a letter for the Officer in charge at Victoria. I remarked I was afraid this would end in trouble for if the Mashonas took refuge with the whites, the latter would protect them.'

We have already learned what happened when the impi arrived at Fort Victoria where preparations for war were now begun in earnest. A column was recruited in Salisbury under Major Forbes, and that and the Victoria Column

were to meet at Iron Mine Hill and combine for the march on Bulawayo. Carruthers met his old friend Allan Wilson of Bechuanaland days, in Fort Victoria and, at his request, raised the Victoria Scouts and served through the Matabele campaign. Matabele Wilson joined the column at Fort Victoria.

Meikle says:

'It was a sad day when the column left. Accompanying it for some distance out I had lunch with the officers before wishing them all goodbye. Most of them I never saw again. One, a lieutenant, said he had a presentiment that he would not come out of the campaign. They were all personal friends of Allan Wilson and it was like a happy family. In private life and as an officer, Allan Wilson was always popular and loved by everyone who knew him. In those days of hard drinking he could join in with the crowd visiting the different hotel bars, and he was the noisiest of the lot, but he never took anything stronger than ginger ale. He was always a man among men, tall, square-shouldered, and fine looking with a heavy moustache.

'After the two columns joined forces, the question arose as to who should take command, Major Forbes being an Imperial officer, was senior to Allan Wilson, but Mr. Rhodes favoured the latter as the one with greater experience of kaffir warfare. It was an unfortunate position for both men to be placed in, and resulted in a certain amount of coolness between the two commanders which lasted right to the end.'

Walter Howard gives us particulars about the combined column:

'There were 670 all told, 250 from Salisbury and 400 from Victoria, with two seven-pounder guns, one Gardner, one Nordenfelt and one Hotchkiss, which had been taken at Macequece. The junction of the two forces took place on the 16th October, 1893. There were about 500 native levies who could not be counted on to fight their late oppressors, but were useful in carrying thornbush to protect the laager in open country against a rush. The Forces were unpaid but each man was to get a farm of 3,000 morgen, the right to peg 20 gold claims and a share in the loot, such loot being Lobengula's

personal cattle. One month's rations were taken and each man was allowed 20 lbs. of personal kit.'

Meikle continues:

'When the Column left Victoria a Mrs Hamilton accompanied it dressed in the regular uniform then in vogue. She rode at one side of the column and she and her husband had a small tent to themselves when camp was reached. However she was not destined to see much of the campaign for, when the Salisbury column was reached, Dr Jim (who went with the column) sent her back escorted by her husband.

'The handful of men left behind had to be organised into some form of defence force. A friend of mine was appointed captain and I was lieutenant and adjutant. Most of the men had never fired a gun before. They were taken down to the range for rifle practice. One, a Jew kaffir-store keeper, made a bull at 500 yards. On inspecting the sighting of his gun, it was found to stand at 100 yards. I am afraid that, if the Matabele had come, there would have been little hope for any of us that were left behind.'

Meanwhile the Victoria Column was moving to join forces with the Salisbury Column. Carruthers with his scouts is well ahead and the combined column moves towards Bulawayo. He writes:

'Matabele Wilson was our column guide. He and Manyesi, the Matabele who always accompanied him, kept with the column. We were guided entirely by the compass, the topography of the country and our veld sense day by day.

'Our daily ride on scout duty at the head of the Column was very exciting, every mile of the two hundred miles of unknown territory was cautiously investigated. This is still so impressed on my memory that the undertaking seems only of yesterday.'

Bradfield writes:

'We joined the Salisbury Column near Iron Mine Hill, they keeping the right flank, we the left, and we travelled parallel all the way to Bulawayo. Some of the small spruits and rivers gave us a deal of trouble. Each night we formed into one laager, the wagons pulling into a diamond shape with the cattle and horses

picketed inside. Near Lalapansi one of our men, Woods, died, and we buried him there. Nothing further bothered us as far as Gwelo and we were pleased to find open country where cattle could feed in quiet and the guards feel more easy.

'The Columns held to the open country out past Somabula where we first came in touch with the Matabele. Capt. Chas. White and Bob Carruthers brought in shields from natives they had killed, a bit north of the moving Columns. On occasion weather conditions forced us to laager up and lay over. Just before reaching Shangani river we buried Ted Burnett who died from wounds received from a native who was stowed away in a kraal. It was now becoming exciting, as the scouts were bringing in news of the Matabele having left traces of five oxen which had been killed and eaten by an impi that very day. When we reached the river we halted to prepare a drift, then crossed and pulled up to the top of a rise where we formed a laager for the night, cutting away the timber all round for a clearing. This made us realise the nearness of the enemy.'

Carruthers now takes up the story and relates to us details of the first major action that took place against the Matabele :

'The laager was formed into a large square with the wagons about 600 yards up from the river, on the elevated ridge overlooking the valley to the south. The Black Watch, as our native followers were called, had cleared our front, by cutting down all the trees on the south and west side of the laager for some distance. These were used for brushing in the openings, between the wagons. The picketing ropes for the horses were fixed in the centre. The oxen lay on their yokes and chains turned inwards and the men were told off to certain wagons in case of alarm. Quested, with his native rear guard, took up a position at our rear on a small kopje. At dark Brabant and Nobby Clarke, with my brother, brought in a number of Mashona women known to some of our natives, along with captured loot. They were placed between the laager and a timber ridge on the north east side. They had schermed themselves in for the night. Dollar, with the scouts, slept out near the

timber, about one hundred yards east of the wagons. I slept in laager, and occupied the top of Bradfield's wagon with Jim Stoddart, and Harry Cumming, my friend Alfred Webb taking up a position underneath. Both Parkin and Lynch of my trek party were out on guard. Two rockets were put up about ten p.m. without any purpose, and only disclosed our whereabouts.

'It was about 2. 15 a.m. with a clear sky, but on the dark side, when the bugles gave the alarm. The camp was all excitement in a moment. The moving camp was all noise with the opening of ammunition boxes, the shouting of officers, and the men getting into their places. The din outside the laager from the onrushing Matabele could be distinctly heard. Quested was the first attacked, and only got into laager in the nick of time. It was three of his boys who had appraised us of the situation by going down to fetch water at the drift and walking into the Matabele impi which was there planning the attack on the laager. Only one of these boys got back and he was badly stabbed. Brabant and my brother were endeavouring to get the loyal natives to come into

laager, but they were confused, running in all directions. Most of the women ran to the veld, only to be killed by the oncoming Matabele. Our Maxim gun was forced to open fire as the ridge on our east side was a black mass of the enemy, their indunas trying to persuade them to charge our laager. Our scouts had no time to loosen their horses of which several were assegaid. Texas Long was the only one to bring in his old charger and Dollar lost his mount. The outer sentries had a narrow escape in getting into laager. I called Webb up into the wagon at the onset and, strange to say, our small bushman boy was found dead, shot in the place which Webb had just vacated. Salisbury laager lost one man, Harry Watson, killed, and several wounded. The Matabele retreated at daylight. Several had hung themselves to trees with their girdles rather than return beaten and one had killed himself by falling on his own assegai. We had unfortunately killed about forty of our loyal natives, having had to open fire with a Maxim gun.

'We scouts were away early. I climbed a big hill two miles south of the Shangani battlefield

where I had a wonderful panoramic view of the retreating Matabele. There were several impis moving in different directions, their shields and assegais glinting in the morning sun - a picture I shall never forget.

'In the afternoon after shelling the natives out of the hills, the Columns moved on for safety to an open plain (now Shangani Siding) where we prepared for trouble.'

The next engagement took place at Bembesi. The exact site of the battle is well-known and is shortly to be marked by a memorial. It was in effect the decisive battle of the campaign and we have an eye-witness account of it from Carruthers :

'When we rode into the Bembesi laager on the 1st November, 1893, the cattle and horses had just gone out to feed and water.

'The battlefield is situated on the south slope of the open country, east of the Railway crossing White's Run farm, where the new motor road turns off to Filabusi.

'We had not long to wait when the vedettes started firing, and the alarm was given. We saw a

riderless horse making for laager and White coming in, running with the Matabele close on his heels, his companion, Thompson, having been stabbed.

'The laager having been carefully formed in a secure position, the Matabele had no chance of reaching us.

Most of those who were killed lay four hundred yards away on the west side. We almost had a mishap, our horses stampeding as we hurried back into laager, and they were only saved by a Dutch chap, Piet Mathuisen by name, racing them down and turning them, heedless of the Matabele who were trying the Zulu stunt of closing us in.

'There were about six hundred Matabele killed in this fight, and I afterwards found many dead, who had found their way back to their kraals and died there of their wounds.

'We suffered one killed and eight wounded, two dying later in the day. My friend Tom Lynch, was slightly wounded. A few of the Matabele were brought into laager for information, but nothing would persuade them to speak

or say anything. The Matabele had retreated quite out of sight. We collected quite a number of Martini Henry rifles, part of Rhodes's payment to Lobengula.

'The next night we laagered up near the present railway crossing on a small river east of Intabayezinduna, where we again sent up a few rockets. We were now nearing Bulawayo.'

Both Meikle and Wilson give accounts of the Shangani and Bembesi battles at which only the latter was actually present. We will omit them, however, as the ground is abundantly covered by Carruthers, and will let Wilson continue the story:

'Next morning we saw from where we were the explosion which blew up the king's house and all his belongings. A great column of smoke went up towards the sky and the higher it got the more it seemed to spread out till it took the shape of an enormous umbrella.

I was riding with Dr Jameson at the time of the occurrence and he asked me what it could be. I said it must be the king's magazine which Dawson had looked after and had built in his

yard. As it proved afterwards I was right in one sense. It was the king's magazine but the natives, with the help of Fairbairn and Usher, had shifted it to the town of Bulawayo where one of the chiefs, acting on the king's instructions had blown it up. Next day the Column arrived. I was sorry for the king but for the people of the nation I have not the slightest sympathy. It is a just fate that has overtaken them. They have felt for the first time in their lives what they have been making the surrounding tribes feel for the last fifty years.'

Lobengula had fled northwards with those of his people who were with him. Carruthers writes:

'This morning, the 4th November, 1893, Allan Wilson ordered me to ride to Bulawayo with the Hon. M. Gifford. We were the first to enter the old kraal which was quite deserted. We found the king's abode had been burned down destroying all his private effects, a number of valuable weapons and other articles which the old chief must have received in presents and could not carry away. I counted six thousand huts encircling the royal kraal. Although

Lobengula had to fly from his kingdom he played a good part. The store across the stream had not been looted and the owners, Messrs Fairbairn and Usher, were quite safe. Here the columns pulled up and laagered. The Union Jack was hoisted and our object gained.

'The next morning, Bain and I went to Umvutja, Lobengula's private reserve on the north bank of the Umgusa river. Here we unearthed a pot containing all sorts of valuables, buried in the ground inside one of the huts. Bain found the seal, a silver elephant, presented to Lobengula by the Tati Concession Coy which Mr Rhodes secured from him and placed in Groot Schuur.'

So far no mention has been made of another column that took part in the Matabele War. When the campaign was planned it was arranged that, while the Salisbury and Victoria Columns were marching on Bulawayo, another force should attack from the south. This consisted of the Bechuanaland Border Police and a force known as Raaff's Rangers under the command of Commandant Raaij, C.M.G., who had fought in

the Zulu War and in the Boer War of 1880. One of the members of the B.B.P, who took part in the operation was Walter Howard, and from him we are able to learn some details:

'There were 225 officers and men of the Bechuanaland Border Police and 225 officers and men of Raaff's Rangers with five maxims and two seven-pounders. The chief, Khama, was there with 130 mounted men and 1800 on foot, about half of whom were armed with Martini-Henry rifles. Our Premier, Mr H. U. Moffat, was with Khama, having left his father at Palapye to take part in the great adventure. Mr Selous was also with this column as guide and chief intelligence officer, as he had been three years previously to the column that occupied Mashonaland. Nothing of importance occurred until the Singuisi river was reached, when for the first and only time the column was attacked. It was surprised on the line of march and, as the transport was very much scattered, the surprise came off for the time being. They captured and burnt some of the wagons. Mr Selous mounted his horse and rushed back to help stop the rush

and got wounded in the attempt. The rest of the wagons were at length got into laager covered by the mounted men who were then sent out after the Matabele while Khama's men stormed their position in the hills in great style, but, through some bungling, were shelled by our own guns. In this fight Sergt Major Codrington who was later Administrator of Northern Rhodesia, was among the wounded.

'On the 6th November, having received a dispatch that Bulawayo had been occupied, Major Goold-Adams rode on there, followed shortly afterwards by the troops under his command.'

The Southern Column does not appear to have had an altogether uneventful approach to Bulawayo as is apparent from Bradfield's narrative:

'A few days after our arriving in Bulawayo, Rhodes ordered me and Harry Windell to take two horses each and wagons and go to the relief of Goold-Adams's Column, about twenty-six miles west of Bulawayo. They had been burnt out by the Matabele. We had to travel through

the night and keep very quiet lest the enemy spied us. We managed to bring in 18 wagons. Soon after this Rhodes asked me if I would take the wagons back to Victoria as the other conductors had refused. He offered me a pound a day, gave me seventy men and ammunition and told me to kill as many cattle as I wanted for food. Our old boy Mboveni was installed as cook and we had pippins and golden syrup for breakfast, dinner and tea. We had a lucky find though, a case of beer right in the middle of our track; it was a great treat.

'When we reached Victoria we joined company with Bob Carruthers. He made us porridge out of ground munga. When Major Eyre asked what it was made from, Bob replied, "grass seed". Major Eyre spat it out and said he wouldn't live in a country where one had to exist on "grass seed", and he made tracks for Johannesburg.

'I spent some days with Bob on his farm at Zimbabwe I trained a team of oxen and then went up to Salisbury with Jack Carruthers where I remained until March 16th, 1894.'

No sooner had the Salisbury and Victoria Columns foregathered at Bulawayo than steps were taken to follow up Lobengula who was known to have retreated northwards. There seems to be no doubt that Lobengula was anxious to capitulate. All he asked for was to be allowed to get away in peace. He is known to have made peace overtures by sending a bag of money back to the advancing column as an earnest of his good intentions. Unfortunately this fell into the hands of two unscrupulous troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police who concealed it. They were later to receive their just punishment.

The pursuing column was under the command of Major Forbes with Major Allan Wilson as second-in-command. Carruthers went with them:

'We made for Emhlangeni, the Inyati mission, and Selous and I rode ahead to see if the place was still in order. On approaching the Mission, we chased two Matabele. Selous trailed one and I the other, When I caught my native up he turned for mercy and, to my surprise, I found it was my old boy, Charlie, of Angwa days.

Shortly after Selous returned with his capture he remarked, "I see you did not shoot him". "How could I?" I said, "This is a dear old friend of mine." I told of my runaway. These two boys both served the Column usefully afterwards.

'The Mission was a litter of destruction, not an article left in the place intact. I gathered up the Rev. T. M. Thomas's diary and private notes, also books of value. On reaching the Mission I shot two duck on the pan and thoroughly enjoyed a feed of prickly pears which were then ripe. I also found a big bin of munga, which served us in good stead. Capt. Fitzgerald and Capt. Napier were left in charge of the place, when the main column moved forward. Having ridden my horse, Prince, all the way from Fort Victoria, I decided to rest him here. On this venture I rode a horse, a large bay, belonging to Capt. Napier. We were away three days on a wrong trail and were short of provisions, the country ahead of us being short of native kraals, where we could have gathered supplies. A consultation of Officers was called and it was decided that we should return and that night we left for no

particular reason. The only information we could gather was that Lobengula and his impis were a long way west. Major Forbes decided to go to Shiloh, a Mission station twelve miles west, there to await reinforcements.

'My last words with Wilson were under the eaves of the Inyati Mission where he was sheltering from the rain with a plaid shawl over his head and shoulders. The premises were occupied by the men. I had just returned from scouting, having secured some fowls which I cooked and I took him one and some scones made from ground munga. I tied one fowl on to Kirton's saddle as he rode away to Shiloh, giving Sergt. Brown my billy. By this time we had no tea, sugar or salt, and had to subsist on any kind of food we could gather at deserted kraals. I told Major Wilson I would go to Bulawayo with the loot cattle and would return to join him at Shiloh. As I wished him goodbye, Wilson rode away on his big cream horse in his shirtsleeves, riding trousers and top boots.

In his belt was a tobacco bag with his clasp knife on the side hook. His waterproof coat hung

loosely over the pommel of his saddle and he carried no weapon. An easygoing man, never perturbed, a leader of men, whom to know was to like.

'When the column moved off, Brabant and his levies, Matabele Wilson and myself made south with the loot cattle, a bellowing confusion of oxen, cows and calves.

'I was the first to see Mr Rhodes arrive in Bulawayo. Seeing him cantering on towards Bulawayo, I recognised his usual loose rein and seat in the saddle, although half a mile distant. I went into Dr Jameson's hut and asked him if he was expecting Mr Rhodes. "Why?" "I see a horseman coming and recognise him by his riding." We went out to meet Mr Rhodes. The same old kindly smile of satisfaction. He had ridden ahead of his escort, his usual procedure.'

Meanwhile Forbes and Wilson set off in pursuit of Lobengula. In order to follow the course of events that culminated in the fight down the Shangani river when Wilson and his party were surrounded and killed, we will now turn to the narrative of Walter Howard, which

formed the substance of a paper he read to the Bulawayo Scouts on 9th February, 1932. As a member of Forbes's party he speaks with authority:

'The next move was to follow up the king. A strong patrol under Major Forbes started in pursuit towards Emhlangeni (Inyati), taking three days' rations with them, but it proved abortive. Dr Jameson then sent orders to Major Forbes to proceed to Shiloh where he would be met by Capt. Napier with reinforcements, rations and fresh instructions. It was, I think, on the 24th November that these combined forces continued the pursuit from Shiloh, but after not more than about 20 miles slow travelling in very wet weather and hampered with ox wagons, Major Forbes decided to continue the pursuit with mounted men only. All the wagons and dismounted men were sent back to Emhlangeni and with them a few who had fever - funk fever. Those who went on numbered 142 all told with two Maxims on galloping carriages, one drawn by mules and one by horses. A pack horse carried ten days' rations for every ten men. The

journey to the banks of the Shangani was without much excitement except that caused by the exceptionally heavy rains. We had no tents or any protection other than that afforded by our blankets or cloaks. The day we reached the Shangani we passed great numbers of armed Matabele who bluffed us that they were tired of war and were returning to make peace, in which laudable object we encouraged them. Little did we dream that their orders were that we were to be allowed to pass until we had crossed the Shangani river and then none of us were to be allowed to return. Had Major Wilson carried out his orders that might have happened.

'We reached the river in the afternoon of the 3rd December and, when our bivouac had been arranged, Wilson was sent on with his men to follow up the king's spoor with orders to return at sundown. That was the last that was seen of them by us. It seems that they followed the spoor, crossed the Shangani river and got up to where the king had halted - we knew long afterwards that he and a few faithful followers had retreated farther north some days before we

reached the river and at once called out asking the people to come and surrender, but were met with evasive replies. The time for the Matabele to carry out the orders of their king was not quite come. Major Wilson then retired a short distance, but with no intention of carrying out his orders to return at sundown to the main body. Let me here tell you that with us, as with all ill-disciplined troops, there is always ill-feeling and jealousy. The Victoria men had always felt that Major Wilson should have been in command of all the troops who came in from the north and this feeling was noticeable on many occasions. There is little doubt that they now thought they would, so to speak, do Forbes "a shot in the eye" by capturing Lobengula on their own. How else can one account for the large number of Victoria men who were then with Major Wilson, who should have been with Forbes if there had not been something on. However, instead of returning as they had been ordered to, they stayed there but sent back Capt. Napier with two men. Napier gave no very definite information as to what Wilson expected

Forbes to do, so Forbes sent Capt. Borrow with his troops on as a reinforcement with a message that, as soon as it was light enough to move, he would come on in the morning. Napier did not return with Borrow and, as Mayne had a touch of fever, Robertson went as guide, taking food for Wilson's party with them. Of course it was quite out of the question for the whole force to go on at midnight, and a night as black as ink at that. There were our slaughter cattle to drive-all our rations were now exhausted - native herd boys, galloping guncarriages and other impedimenta.'

'We had nothing in the shape of a laager at our bivouac, just a man's saddle facing outwards and behind it the man. On the morning of the 4th December, as soon as it was light enough to see, we started to join up with Allan Wilson. We had scarcely gone half a mile when terrific firing began from the other side of the river.

The column was closed up and hurried forward, our right flank being protected by the river down whose banks the column was

marching. The heavy firing increased in intensity and Colenbrander called out to Major Forbes behind whom he was riding - "They cannot keep that up for long, sir, with their stock of ammunition." Almost at that moment a cloud of Matabele swept down through the bush and took up a position across the vlei on the opposite edge of which the column was hurrying forward to join up with Wilson. At once they opened a heavy fire on us and almost as they fired, our Maxims were returning their fire. Afterwards we knew that these men, hearing the firing across the river, thought that we had all crossed and were hurrying forward to take their part in carrying out their orders not to let any of us return across the Shangani river. They were surprised indeed to find such a strong body on their side of the river and attacked without hesitation, and a strong and well sustained attack it was too. Outnumbered by thirty to one and with less than 100 rounds of ammunition per man, our position was very precarious, but no ammunition was wasted for a man did not fire until he was pretty certain of

his mark. But this attack effectually prevented any forward movement of the column to join up with Wilson. Those who paid any attention to the firing on the other side of the river while the column was being attacked stated that the firing gradually died down and then seemed to be renewed further away. From this it was surmised that Wilson had beaten off his attackers and had retreated away north. During our fight our slaughter cattle had been driven off by the Matabele, which was awkward for us in the extreme.

'Having driven off our attackers, orders were given to retire to our position of the previous night, and during this retirement Burnham, Ingram and Gooding joined us, having got away from Wilson's party and re-crossed the river some distance upstream where they were headed off by the enemy. The river came down in flood just before our retirement. When we started off at dawn it was a sand river but in the afternoon it was almost impassable, and the following morning it was a wide, deep and fastflowing river.

'Before dark rifle pits were dug around our bivouac, the horses being tethered in the centre with the wounded men inside the horse lines. A terrific thunder storm broke about nine o'clock in the evening and it was with the greatest difficulty that the horses were prevented from being driven back onto the wounded. It was during this storm that Ingram and Lynch started off for Bulawayo with a message for Dr Jameson telling him what had happened; that the column would retreat up the Shangani river to the drift they had crossed on the way to Bulawayo; that we wanted ammunition; had wounded men with us; no rations, etc. They got through all right but the strain on their nerves had so affected them that they were unable to give any coherent message.

'No movement was made on the 5th December. It was thought that perhaps we might hear something of Wilson's party because, in the afternoon of the previous day, what sounded like distant shots were heard. Some said they were rifle shots, others that they were revolver. The latter was found ultimately to be correct, for a long time afterwards it came out that, when the

Matabele summoned up courage to go and see what really was going on where Wilson made his last stand, one or two men who were alive but wounded used their revolvers on themselves rather than fall into the hands of the Matabele. I was told by a Matabele who was there at the time that some were writing notes at the time the Matabele approached. It was nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th when the retreat up the Shangani commenced. The previous morning early I swam across the river to try and capture some cattle that were grazing on the opposite bank. Colenbrander and Burnham covered me with their rifles but the cattle took fright at my white skin and ran away into the bush followed by me. I very nearly ran into some Matabele and then I took fright and bolted back, having run 150 yards up stream before recrossing to counteract the strong current of the river in flood, and then landed almost in the arms of Major Forbes who had seen something happening on the opposite bank of the river. That was a bigger fright than the Matabele for Forbes was not a man who liked anyone doing

anything he thought irregular. However, he was quite decent about it.

'On the 8th December the Matabele who were pursuing the column up the river made a daring attempt at a surprise and nearly got the horses. As a counter-attack, Comdt Raaff led out a party to clear the bush. Getting almost up to their shelters he halted the men and went forward to see what was inside. Luckily for him they had cleared, but it was an exceptionally daring and selfsacrificing thing for him to do. The bush was thick and the men might have walked into an ambush. His action would have unmasked the ambush, but he would undoubtedly have been killed.

'By this time the column was in a parlous state. The horses could do little more than walk and the men were in not much better condition. Very wet weather, only horseflesh for food, and the constant strain were beginning to tell on everyone except Major Forbes. On the afternoon of the 9th December the Matabele had another go at us and very nearly pulled it off. The column was resting for a short spell in

some kopjes divided by a deep spruit in which the horses were grazing. Suddenly one of the horses made a most unusual sound, and a man who had been brought up amongst horses knew there was something wrong. He went over to the edge of the deep spruit and found the Matabele swarming up on top of the column. It seemed that one of the enemy had assegaied a horse and the noise it made caused this man to go and see what was wrong, and he gave the alarm. The firing of his revolver caused everyone to jump up and Forbes at once gave the order to man the kopjes. It was a stiff fight while it lasted but the Matabele were soon driven off and the column had to extricate itself from a very dangerous position, for they could still easily be ambushed. However, it was safely extricated and we again moved on only to be attacked shortly afterwards on the line of march during a downpour of rain. We made laager shortly afterwards and could hear the Matabele also making shelters for themselves against the storm, close enough for them to shout to us that they had finished off one white impi and tomorrow would finish us off.

But they were to be checkmated. Word was passed round that the laager would be abandoned that night at about nine o'clock, the gun carriages were to be left in their places and all the sick and weak horses were to be left standing in their lines. Each man could take either his cavalry cloak or his blanket, whichever he preferred, and the clothing left was to be made up as dummies so as to give the laager the appearance of being occupied. All this was duly carried out and about ten o'clock the whole column quietly vacated the laager in single file, the two Maxims being carried in blankets with cartridge belts in readiness for instant action. What a night's march that was. Not a sound was made. The few prisoners we had who carried the boxes of reserve ammunition for the Maxims were told that if they uttered a sound they would be promptly assegaied and a man was told off for this job if necessary, but no sound was uttered by anyone and even the horses seemed to scent the danger and trod through the kopjes as if they understood. Of course frequent halts had to be made to enable the column to keep in close order

and the worst of these little halts was that many of the men were so worn out that, in spite of the danger, they went fast off to sleep and had to be awakened with the chance of one of them being missed in the darkness of the night. By dawn we were out of the difficult country, but what a haggard and worn-out crew the column now looked. Ragged and bootless they had been for some time and their only rations were about two pounds of horse flesh per day per man, but that dawn all looked particularly woebegone.

'The Matabele were a long time in discovering that our laager was empty. It seems that they attacked it at dawn. That the fire was not returned they thought was a trick. At last some of the most venturesome crawled close enough to see how they had been deceived. But during all that time, our night march and the march of the following day had given us a good start and we were in better country. But they caught us up again and again attacked with considerable loss on their side but nothing serious on ours. They gave it best after that although we did not know it, and we continued marching eighteen hours out

of the twentyfour. Ultimately, as we were resting during the heat of the day in comparative peace and feeling that at last we had shaken off our pursuers, two white men suddenly appeared across the vlel at the edge of which we had halted. How the column cheered and yelled, for this meant that at length we were in touch with the long-looked-for relief. The two men were F. C. Selous and Acutt who had ridden out from their column to see if they could get any news of us, for we had been lost so long that the gravest fears were entertained for our safety. The relief column was barely three miles away, with them being, amongst others, Mr Rhodes and Dr Jameson. How lightheartedly all the old cripples covered those three miles, arriving not very long after dark guided by rockets that were sent up at Selous' request. There we found ready for us tons of bully beef, cookies, coffee with sugar in it, and all that we could want for. One ate just as much as one liked, the natural result being that there was very little sleep for us that night for we all over-ate ourselves. The following morning all the column were mounted on the horses of the

relief column, the owners walking alongside their mounts, listening to the accounts of the riders of what had happened to us during our retreat. The twentytwo miles to Emhlangeni were covered very quickly and we arrived there just after dark. In due course the column reached Bulawayo, being taken on from Emhlangeni by ox wagon.

Forbes's column had been marching for twenty-one days. Ingram, it appears had volunteered to ride into Bulawayo and carry the news of the disaster to Wilson's column. Carruthers takes up the story:

'Dr Jameson, on receipt of Forbes's dispatch that he would follow up along the Shangani river, immediately formed a relief party of all the available men in camp at Bulawayo. Mr Rhodes accompanied us and Dr Jameson and Sir John Willoughby were with us too. Selous and I scouted ahead. We again made for the Inyati Mission and followed the old Hunter's road. Some thirty miles on, we camped for the night. Mr Rhodes interested himself supervising everybody making bread. Early in the morning

everybody was up and doing. We had not scouted very far out before meeting Colenbrander and Major Forbes coming in riding ahead of their weary patrol. I hardly knew my few surviving friends they were so worn and unkempt. Most of us gave up our mounts, everybody finding their way back to Inyati, various kit lying discarded all along the road. I reached the mission late that night, some of the patrol straggling in towards morning. It was a sorry disorderly column that found its way back to Bulawayo.'

Willie Posselt was one of those who went out from Inyati to meet Forbes's patrol and says:

'We left the old Mission station, Emhlangeni, in the morning, and made camp late in the afternoon-it was a distance of twenty-five miles we did that day. Selous brought Major Forbes - he was the first to arrive. Dr Jameson and Rhodes shook hands with him, but Rhodes walked away from Forbes and the Dr spoke to Forbes for some time. I think no one knows what he said. Was he (Forbes) accused, or was he blamed that Wilson's party lost their lives? But

when Commandant Raaff and his men came, three hearty cheers went up for Raaff. This must have been very humiliating for Forbes - there were no cheers for him. Did he (Forbes) not also go through all the dangers, hardships, hunger, etc? He was also in rags. I for my part felt very sorry for him.'

Another member of the relief column, Alfred Drew, was at Inyati. This is his version:

'It was feared at first that, besides Allan Wilson's party, those left on the other side of the Shangani river, under Major Forbes, had also been annihilated, but after a few days, during which we were preparing to go to their relief and getting some small reinforcements from Bulawayo, news was brought in to Inyati by the faithful Fingo native John Grootboom, giving us the whereabouts of Forbes and his men. Rhodes, Jameson, Selous, Willoughby, Bobby Beale and other celebrities had meanwhile come out to Inyati. The Wilson disaster appeared to create a setback after our previous successes and it must have been one of those occasions when Rhodes felt he had to be right in the thick of things.

Rhodes and his friends left with all the mounted men next morning and, after going about twenty-five miles, Selous got in touch with the stricken force. It was a great re-union when they reached our camp that evening. They had lost all their horses, they had had to consume several for food. We handed over our horses to them next morning and went back with them to Inyati on foot, doing the twentyfive miles in the one day, not a bad performance in the pouring rain along a track like a quagmire in places, and with practically no food. Several men of Forbes's party had been killed or wounded during the retreat, and Pike had been carried with a shattered arm over 100 miles. Dr Jameson took the arm off at the shoulder as soon as we got back to Inyati. It was an operation under very difficult conditions and it was a wonder that Pike survived. It also showed the great surgical skill of "Dr Jim".'

Meanwhile no definite news had come to hand as to the fate of Wilson's party, but from the information given by Forbes's men, it was safe to presume that they had been wiped out.

The following narrative by Mr James Dawson, one of the traders in old Bulawayo, is contained in a file of his papers preserved in Archives:

'We had for some time been looking forward to the advance of the column from Inyati which was being delayed by the rains, and were anxious. Persistent rumours keep coming from various sources that there were some survivors of Wilson's patrol still living and wandering about, and naturally the relations of all the men were hoping that the fortunate ones were those in whom they were interested, and were urging that something should be done to ascertain the truth.

'The object of the force lying at Inyati was to get into touch with the king and induce him to come to terms, as well as to recover the remains of Wilson's party and set all doubts at rest as to their fate.

'On the night of 3rd February, 1894, I had been in bed sometime in my house at Bulawayo when I heard someone coming into the yard at the back and towards the door of the outer room, the top half of which was open.

' "Are you asleep, Jimmy?", came a voice, to which I answered, "Yes, come in". I knew the voice, and in came Major Heany.

'I lit the candle and he sat down on the end of the bed. He told me he had just come from Dr Jameson and said they had been discussing a hazy proposal of two men to go after LoBen and try to treat with him. Now I knew those two men and at once saw that there was likely to be a lot of parleying and bargaining before they would make a start and the matter was urgent. After the Major had talked for some time while I had been thinking, I said, "Look here, Major, tell the Doctor that I will go". He at once said "That's what I hoped you would say". Then I asked him to tell the Doctor I would see him in the morning.

'Next morning early I saw the Doctor. I told him my plans and at once proceeded to get ready. In the first place I secured a Cape boy whom I knew, to drive the scotch cart which was to be the baggage carrier. Next I looked up I. Reilly (Paddy) and induced him to accompany me.

'When thinking over my plans the previous night Sekombo came to my mind, as having one day asked me why I didn't go and help my friend the king. I had answered that I would go if he went along. I understood him to say that he would, so the same afternoon, the 4th, we started for Sekombo's kraal and arrived there in the evening. All that night was spent in trying to persuade him to come along with us, but it was no use as his principal wife, a half sister of the king's, was against it and he tried to put difficulties in the way. In fact he funk'd it. I had to devise another plan quickly and bethought me of a man named Malibamba who had been given to me as my man when I wanted him, and, as he lived at Inyati, we inspanned at daylight and made our way in that direction. On crossing the Bembesi we found the Doctor with Sir John Willoughby and Mr Knight of the Morning Post on the bank on their way to Inyati. I told the Doctor of my new plan and allowed the party to go ahead to the camp on the far side of the river while I followed later to Malibamba's kraal which was on the near side. The most of that

night was also spent in arrangements, but at the outset I told him that he had to go along with me and look for the king. He was surprised but made little demur, and at once proceeded to select several of his young men to go with us. This was a weight off my mind and in the morning we crossed over to the camp where I told the Doctor that I was ready to start after he had given me some supplies and a few cattle to kill for food as there was no time to be wasted, and I wanted as little shooting as possible.

'On the afternoon of the 5th we started from Inyati - Reilly and I mounted - and made our way in the direction indicated by the spoor of Major Forbes's returning column. The first night out we spent near a small kraal where we tried to get what information we could to guide us. I was lying down a little apart and Reilly had been talking to the people who had apparently given him something to think about as he came over to me and said, "Do you know that this is a damned dangerous thing we are going to do?" I asked him if he hadn't thought of that before and he said he hadn't. Then I asked him if he was still

going on and he said, "Yes, if you do." So that was settled. Next morning we went on and came to some people in a small kraal where we were fortunate enough to get a man to come with us and show us the tracks. The rain had been falling heavily.

'We went on for some days until we met two men (one a well-known witch doctor) with their hands up. Upon questioning them we were informed that the king was dead. Being assured of this I wrote to Dr Jameson who was still at Inyati, giving him the news and said I was going on to find the place where Wilson's party were killed. Before sending the messenger away Reilly said there was no need for us to go any further now the king was dead, and I said there was a chance for him to go back with the news, but I was going on. He decided to come on. That afternoon we got to the place on the river near which Major Forbes had his fight with the natives while waiting the return of the men who never came back and where the drift across the river was.

'The river, fortunately I think, was unfordable so we made our small camp. In the morning a number of young men came to the opposite bank and shouted abuse and threats at us, thinking that we were the first of the force which was lying at Inyati. This continued for some days until we persuaded them that we were bearers of messages of peace and got in touch with some of the older men.

'At last one morning we saw that the river had fallen a good deal and, while we were sitting at breakfast, some young men who had crossed farther down came running up to our camp. Upon seeing them I knew the river was fordable so told our people to get ready to cross. We continued our meal while the horses were being saddled and the young men were standing looking on. Having finished and got up and greeted them, they returned the greeting civilly and then asked where we were going. I told them "to see the place where they had killed the white men". We started, they coming along, and after a scramble in the water managed to cross.

'On the side we were now on there were some big scherms with a great many young men. We approached the largest one within about 100 yards and, when we dismounted, I put my rifle against a tree and told Reilly to wait for me. Inside the enclosure there were many groups, mostly sitting round fires where cooking meat (their only food) was going on, and there was dead silence while I walked right in and, after looking round, gave them the usual greeting which a few of them returned calling me by name (Jimsolo). Then I said I wanted some of them to come and show me the place where they killed the white men. Some of them said, "we are only boys and know nothing of it". I said, "Very well, I will go and get men to show me", and walked to my horse and mounted. We had not gone very far before a number of the young fellows came running after us saying they would go and show us. I said, "No, you are only boys, I want men", continuing my bluff.

'We went to a kraal where we found one of the headmen of Bulawayo and the chief induna

of the Nsukamini Regiment. On telling them what I wanted, the latter volunteered to come with me.

'After walking about three miles along a path, he halted and pointed ahead. We dismounted and walked about seventy yards when we came to an open space in the bush which was very thick all round, and then we saw a number of bones scattered about. After looking solemnly on with bared heads for a while, we set to work and collected what remained of that brave band and piled them in a heap while our people were digging a trench. It must be remembered that these remains had been lying there for a long time during a very wet season, and were quite bleached. We got every visible scrap together, including the skulls of all, and buried them under a large mapani tree on which I cut with knife and hatchet a cross with the legend "To brave men". The only articles of consequence which we picked up were a watch and a ring, both of which were recognised by those interested and handed over.



The Mopani tree on the site of the Shangani battle where Allan Wilson and his party fell; it marks the spot where James Dawson buried the remains. He carved the cross and inscribed it 'To brave Men'. (Central African Archives)

'After finishing this sad duty we rode some distance farther and came to an open glade where Lobengula's last camp had been and where Wilson's party turned back on their fatal attempt to rejoin the main column. We were there told how the king had been gone some time before the party came to the spot and fired into the place. We followed the spoor for some distance beyond this, talking to the people and telling them that we had brought them peace, and persuading them to come in. We returned to our camp in the evening having had a long and trying day.

'Next morning I had a message from the two headmen I have mentioned, to come to them alone at their kraal,

I crossed the river, giving Reilly some excuse for leaving him. On arriving, and after

the usual greetings, a dry ox hide was laid down in front of me in perfect silence. Then a skin bag, with some ceremony and still in silence, was brought forth and the contents poured out on the hide. I was told to count, and found five hundred sovereigns. Then another bag was produced with the same amount, all in silence.

"When I had told them that there was a thousand pounds they said, "Take it, Jimsolo, and plead for us with the Doctor. We are tired of war and want to be able to sleep." I repeated to them what I had been telling them all - that the white men were also tired of strife and wanted to live in peace with the people of the country. After some more talk, I put five hundred in each of my wallets and went back to camp. On arrival I put the wallet in my bag and, as far as I am aware, Reilly knows nothing of this matter till the present day.

The following day was the big indaba when Mjana, the chief induna of the king's favourite Regiment, Mgubongubo, a brother of the king, and many indunas and others came to talk.

Mjana, as befitted his rank, began the talking in a most friendly vein. They were glad to hear the message we had brought them and asked us to tell "The Doctor" that they were tired of war and wanted to live in peace and wished us to tell him so, and much more to the same effect. After him the king's brother got up, and hadn't spoken long before he began telling of his narrow escape when I went down with him and two others on a mission to the High Commissioner to try and stop the invasion of the country by the whites (we knew such a mission was too late, but we were only three white men left in the country and the king's word was the only law so I had to go). We had only got as far as Tati when we unexpectedly rode into a force coming up from the south. While I was talking to the officer in command my three men were taken across the river and, thinking not unnaturally that they were going to be killed, the youngest made an attempt to escape and was promptly shot, while the second one was clubbed on the head and died shortly after, leaving this old man who was now talking. You

can imagine how uneasy I felt not knowing but that he might blame me for what had happened. Think of my relief when at last he said, "We came out of death together".

'After a good deal more talking I repeated the message I had brought. They then said, "We hear what you say and believe you but we wish to send two of our number in with you to the Doctor as our ears to hear from him". Of course I agreed to this, not only so, but I told them I would come back again with their oxen and bring them food and medicine. They were greatly pleased at this and the indaba ended, and we prepared to return to Inyati.

'In due time we arrived at the camp just as Dr Jameson was sending off dispatches. The men were stopped until my report was taken down by Sir John Willoughby. This done there was a meeting between the Doctor and the two "ears", who were assured that all I had told and promised them was true. They were perfectly satisfied after the talk.

'When I told the Doctor that I had promised to go down again he was surprised. Anyway I

said I must go on to Bulawayo first and get some things that were required. The camp was broken up and all went back to Bulawayo. *The war was over.*

'After staying a short time at Bulawayo, we started back again with a wagon load of grain and other necessities. The people had been living on nothing but meat and were dying of small pox among other things. As we made our way we passed many people coming in to look for their old homes. On reaching our old camp we again crossed the river to where we had buried what we had found. We had two boxes with us into which we put the remains and started back with them, having collected a number of the king's wives and many people who came in. The journey was rather a sad one as occasionally we would pass corpses just out of the path, small boys principally. And those ladies were a terrible handful, not at all appreciating their altered circumstances and that we were trying to make things as pleasant for them as possible. Before getting as far as Bulawayo we

had left them, or they had left us at various places.

'On arrival I reported to Dr Jameson and went to my house and collapsed, the re-action was so great. I had been living at strong tension all the time.'

CHAPTER SEVEN

REBELLION

The forces were, as Carruthers tells us, disbanded towards the end of December 1893, and were addressed by Mr Rhodes who thanked the men for their good conduct and prompt service, and also for the support they had rendered to the Chartered Company. Referring to the privileges promised to those who took part in the campaign as a reward for their unpaid service, he says:

'Farm rights were being sold for ten pounds each and loot rights were fetching twelve pounds. The Loot Committee eventually accounted for three hundred and sixty two

thousand head of cattle and paid out forty-two pounds on a Right.

'The morning Mr Rhodes left for the south, he called me to his conveyance, a wagonette and mules. He was sorry the Matabele war had upset my trek party, and thanked me for the part I had played. Wishing me goodbye, he handed me a folded envelope saying, "This will be of some use when you get back to Salisbury." It was a cheque for one hundred pounds. On seeing Dr Jameson to say goodbye, I thanked him. He had been very kind and considerate to my brother and me while we were laid up two weeks with fever.

'Quite a few died in the Shelter hospital from the severe trials of the campaign, among them Capt. Lendy and Commandant Raaff.

'Doel Zeederberg contracted to run coaches through to Mafeking, by no means an easy undertaking. He lost during one year six hundred mules and horses through horse sickness.

'The fare from Bulawayo to Salisbury was twenty-five pounds, the journey of three days.'



A corner in the Laager in Bulawayo during the 1896 Rebellion. (Central African Archives)

Meikle has something to tell us about the job of collecting the loot cattle, on which he was employed:

'I sent for the head induna who, it turned out, was in command of the young impi at the first Shangani battle. After the battle he and his men had had enough of it and, taking their women and all the cattle they could manage to drive, made for an almost inaccessible mountain thinking they would be safe there until things settled down again. They had placed the cattle at the far end of a tableland. I ordered them to collect them and bring every head to where we were and sent some of the natives we had brought with us to see that the order was obeyed. We estimated the number of warriors that we saw at approximately 900. Fine big strapping fellows they were too, their ages ranging between 20 and 24 years. We saw no arms, these had been hidden and they did not even carry a stick ... In addition to the cattle, about 600 head, we brought 30 women, most of them with one or two children. These were eventually restored to their own people in the Victoria district ... In addition to short rations,

not a day passed without our being drenched. We often went to sleep in wet clothes and, if it rained during the night, we would wake up next morning to find ourselves lying in a pool of water. The whole time we were away we never slept under a shelter. (Note: This all took place near the Lundi river.) ... The next afternoon we arrived at the chief's kraal on high ground overlooking the Somabula flats. The chief sorrowfully told us that the king, while retreating, had sent for his cattle and that the impi had been gone two days with every bit of stock on the place. Next morning I noticed a small column of smoke rising from one of the depressions in the flat three miles away. I sent two men off to investigate and they found about 300 head of cattle stowed away where they thought we would not find them. We decided we had gone far enough and commenced the return journey and we made a bee-line for Victoria. The last lot of cattle was the worst to care for as all the sick, lame and lazy beasts gradually fell back out of the different herds. The keen ones kept going ahead and joining up

with those in front so that the last man usually turned up after we had rested at mid-day and were about to start off again. There was so much grumbling that I made the men take it in turns to be with the hind lot. The butt of the party was a man named Slot who from the start had been given back place. His first mishap was in crossing the Lundi river. His horse fell with him on the slippery stones, but the climax came when an old bull charged and rolled horse and rider over on the ground. After this Slot struck and refused to be with the last lot. It is on such a trip that a man's worth is fully appreciated. The outstanding figure of the party was a man whom one would least expect to be out of the ordinary. He had been known to me some time before this trip and I looked upon him as a very ordinary individual. He proved his sterling worth under most trying conditions. No matter what the weather was like or what there was to eat, never a grumble came from him and anything he was told to do he did cheerfully. It can best be imagined than described what he went through, wet to the skin every day and

often all night, living entirely on meat without salt, our clothes caked with mud, dirty and unshaven. We expected to be away three days and it was twentyone when we arrived with the cattle.

'During May of the following year I rode through to Bulawayo taking a spare horse to carry my blankets etc. While resting at mid-day I saw a couple of huge bullocks being driven towards me. When they arrived an imposing Matabele gave the usual salutation "Inkosi", and, upon my enquiring what he was doing with the oxen, he said he had brought them to me to kill so that I could have meat to take with me on my journey. It appears that the Matabele were in the habit of doing this so that they could get some themselves. All the cattle had been taken over by Johann Colenbrander on behalf of the British South Africa Company, but they were left at the different kraals until sent for to be disposed of. In the meantime the heads of kraals were told that, if white men travelling required meat, they were to let them have an ox to kill. As I was anxious to continue my journey, there was no

time to wait while the animal was being slaughtered and skinned, much to their disappointment.

'Further on I slept at what had been one of the Queen Mother's huts where one of the fighting regiments lived in Lobengula's time. The place was quite deserted but a lot of grain and kaffir corn had been left in pits, and this was being carried away by a white man using pack oxen and taken to Bulawayo. In those days there were no farmers even in Mashonaland or, I should say, no farmers grew grain, it being cheaper to trade the country's requirements from the natives. The pits in which the Matabele and Zulus stored their grain were dug in the cattle kraals, the mouth or top being just big enough to admit a man's body, then they opened out bottle shaped, each pit holding probably 30 muid sacks of 200 lbs. each. The covering to the opening was usually a flat stone and then manure, sometimes more than a foot deep, placed over the stone. Grain will keep for two seasons in these pits, but has a fermented taste to which the natives do not object but very few white people can face. Care must be exercised on opening the pit to allow all gasses

to escape before entering, otherwise it means certain death.

'Last night I camped on the site of the Bembesi battlefield where our fellows had kept back the hordes of attacking Matabele. There all around me, more particularly on the north side, were the bones of the Matabele scattered over the veld, lying white where they had fallen.

'At the time of my arrival in Bulawayo a start was being made to put up decent houses. Like most other Rhodesian towns it had a beginning elsewhere. The first European Bulawayo was a collection of wattle and daub structures not far from Lobengula's kraal. When I arrived the new site had been selected, the survey completed and building started. Cattle were being brought in and disposed of. It was said that there were twentyfive thousand collected at the time of my visit. Lung sickness (Pleuropneumonia), was playing havoc with them. The morning I visited the kraals where they slept I was told that one hundred and fifty had died during the night. Cattle were being sold for two pounds ten

shillings to pick, or thirty shillings to take them as they walked out of the kraal.

'Tom had by this time started a branch in Bulawayo, coming up after the rains were over. He bought some of the looted cattle for me and we were fortunate in not losing any from lung sickness. Of course the Matabele had had the disease in the country long before it was occupied by us and they knew all about inoculating as a preventative. Most of their cattle had been inoculated, otherwise the losses would have been much heavier. We picked out mostly those with short tails, a pretty certain proof that they had been inoculated.'

It was not long however, before a much more terrible cattle scourge swept through the country. The rinderpest swept down from the north wiping out thousands of head of cattle and thousands more were slaughtered in an endeavour to stop its progress. The losses were terrific. Mashonaland was the first to be infected. Meikle tells us about it:

'We had heard of some mysterious disease travelling down from the north from which

buffalo were dying in hundreds. Two men from Salisbury the previous year had gone to what is now known as North Eastern Rhodesia. On their return they reported having met with vast herds of buffalo while they were proceeding north, but on the way back, where these herds had been encountered, they found nothing but bones.

'I saw the first case that came into Salisbury. A wagon had taken out supplies to a mine in the Hartley district and, on its return, one ox was found to be ailing. I was asked to have a look at it as there was no veterinary surgeon in the place at that time, but I could not tell what was wrong with it. When the animal died I was sent for again and, after a rough post mortem, gave the opinion that it might be heartwater. It was not long before the whole train sickened and died. Cattle began to die in other parts of the country, and it was decided to try and stamp out the disease by destroying infected and contact herds.

'I was asked to assist Mr H. M. Taberer, the Chief Native Commissioner, in valuing and destroying the herds. It was decided that all cattle running on the Salisbury Commonage

should be valued and slaughtered. This was a most unpleasant task as, to many people, it meant taking away their only source of livelihood from the sale of milk. In some instances we were threatened with violence but in the end we were permitted to carry on. As a matter of fact the Government's decision proved a blessing to many as they obtained compensation without which they would have had nothing, and it was only a matter of days before their cattle would have developed the disease and died.

'The Government, however, soon decided it was useless trying to stamp out the disease and refrained from further destruction. Its progress could be likened to a veld fire and, like a fire, after it had passed over, it died. No germs were left so that it was possible to bring clean cattle into a devastated area soon after the last death had occurred. This made transport very difficult as at that time the country was dependent on the good old trek ox for its supplies. The number of animals that were naturally immune or recovered out of a herd was about three per cent of the

total. These animals became very valuable and were worth a lot of money.'

Hard on the heels of the rinderpest came the Matabele Rebellion which was followed by a similar rising in Mashonaland. The last week of March, 1896, brought news to Bulawayo of the murder of a number of Europeans living in the outlying areas. A tabulated statement of the Intelligence Officer, Headquarters, Bulawayo, has come into my hands, in which the total number of murders by the natives during the Rebellion is reported as one hundred and thirty-nine in his area. This made a heavy toll on the small number of European settlers and demanded instant suppression. The causes of the uprising need briefly summarising for the completeness of our record. They have been given as follows:

1. The incomplete subjugation of the Matabele in 1893.
2. The unreadiness of the Matabele to settle down peacefully.
3. The overbearing attitude of the native police which was deeply resented.

4. The conviction on the part of the natives that all the evils that had visited them, such as drought, locusts, and the rinderpest, were directly attributable to the white man.
5. It must also be remembered that many of the armed men in Matabeleland were with Jameson as prisoners after the abortive raid into the Transvaal.

Wilson states in his diary that Lobengula sent a message to his people, before his flight, by the hand of the induna, Mazwe, telling them to make peace with the white man but to rise again if opportunity offered. This, if it is correct, may well have been an additional and very important reason.

Our source of information about the Matabele Rebellion comes from Major W. J. Boggie's reminiscences. He was attached to the Artillery of the Imperial Contingent which participated in quashing it and he writes as follows:

'The position in Bulawayo was now very grave as an attack on the town was considered probable at any moment, and no time was lost in constructing a strong laager round the Market

Hall in the centre of the town. The Sanitary Board (or Town Council) with Mr Sidney Redrup J.P. as Chairman, insisted upon a strong laager being formed of wagons, sandbags and barbed wire fencing, with broken glass bottles covering the ground on the outer defences for about ten yards in breadth.

'As defensive measures were in a fair state of progress in the town, it was considered desirable to divert the attention of the enemy from Bulawayo as much as possible and, partly with this object in view and also to bring in any isolated parties that might be endeavouring to reach Bulawayo, two punitive patrols were sent out, one under Col. Gifford consisting of 176 men going to the Northeast, while a second under Col. Brand of about 100 strong with a Maxim gun and a party of the Africander Corps under Capt. Van Niekerk, went down the Tuli road.

'Urgent appeals for relief were sent to the High Commissioner in Cape Town who at once commissioned Col. Plumer to raise a force of 500 men for the relief of Bulawayo which was

nearly encompassed by the Matabele. Meanwhile defensive measures were still in active progress in Bulawayo, and various changes and appointments in the military service of the country took place. A proclamation was issued containing the announcement that the Rhodesia Horse were disbanded and a new force was to be formed called the Bulawayo Field Force.

'This extraordinary action was much commented on at the time and a great deal of discontent existed among the members of the Rhodesia Horse when they saw the proclamation. The exact motive for the disbandment has never been quite apparent and it was a dangerous and very questionable act in the situation. However, thanks to the necessity, which was apparent to all, of working and fighting in harmony against a dangerous enemy, a fine body of about 600 men was soon knocked into shape. Ammunition was comparatively plentiful but rifles were scarce, the government only having about 400 in the armoury. A large number of men, however, had private weapons and soon a fairly powerful force was raised

consisting of an artillery troop with two Maxims, seven 7-pounder guns, a Hotchkiss, a Gatling gun and one 12-pounder.

'All women and children were ordered into laager at night, the large market hall being reserved for this purpose. Strong defence outposts were established on the outskirts of the town, each guarded by a troop of about 50 men of the B.F.F. who, in the event of attack, were to endeavour by cross fire to keep the enemy in check, thus acting as a first line of defence to the main laager, where a reserve of ammunition and general stores were kept in case of a close and long siege. At night all men capable of bearing arms had to sleep on the first line of wagons, standing to arms by bugle call in the evening and in the early morning. In addition strong guards were furnished by the B.F.F. who performed all military duties and sent out mounted patrols round the town at all hours of the day and night.'

It will be of special interest to Bulawayo people to record here that one of those who helped to nurse the sick in the laager was Miss Fenella Clarke. She arrived in Bulawayo at that

time and had her first experience of life in Matabeleland when the town was in a state of siege. She married Mr Sidney Redrup and later became one of Bulawayo's best known and best loved women. She became Deputy Mayor of Bulawayo in 1931 and took a leading part in many social movements. She died in Bulawayo on the 1st June, 1945 at the age of eighty.

Major Boggie continues:

'A "Crow's Nest" was also established by the erection of a tower of about eighty feet in height, where any movement in the enemy's lines could be observed and at once reported by telephone to the main laager. A balloon was also manufactured but, as no one seemed very anxious to make the first ascent, it was never inflated and it is doubtful if it would ever have proved of much value. A large bell was also placed in position in the market buildings which was to be rung as a signal that the enemy were going to attack, or as a warning to the women and children that they had to take shelter in the laager. Signal rockets were also in readiness in case of a night attack and, as an additional means of defence, mines

were laid along all the principal streets and in positions where a possible attack would come from. A gun was also placed on a commanding position on the roof of one of the highest houses in the town (Williams' Buildings). This gun was effective up to a range of 4,000 yards and on various occasions, shells were dropped onto the enemy's lines. They seemed to be greatly astonished at the unexpected explosions which they thought were caused by the white man's devils in the air.

'Thus, in a few weeks, Bulawayo was in a perfect state of defence and capable of holding out against a siege of six months' duration as a perfect water supply was obtainable by the digging of wells in various parts of the town, and a large quantity of biltong was prepared by the slaughtering of a large herd of cattle.

'Of course business was now at a complete standstill. In many instances the military commandeered all provisions for the use of the troops, also all private horses or mules were taken over by the C.O. for the use of the military and transport services.

'As the enemy gradually encompassed the N.E. and W. sides of the town, various sorties were made and many heroic deeds were performed by officers and men of the B.F.F.

'The "piping times of peace" seemed to have deserted Bulawayo for ever, and gradually, as men grew accustomed to the bugle calls, the town settled down into a sort of military camp where, although the well-known red tunics or khaki jackets of the Imperial Service were not in evidence, every man carried in his belt a revolver or, across his shoulder, his handy rifle.

'On Mr Rhodes's arrival in Bulawayo he was entertained at a banquet given by the leading men of the town and, in a vigorous speech displayed the policy which would govern his actions in Matabeleland during the crisis through which the country was passing and, to the satisfaction of all, he prophesied a speedy termination to the war, also that the railway would be pushed forward with all speed.

'Engagements with the enemy on the hills were now of daily occurrence and although our troops were successful on every occasion, the

rebels continued to fight with stern determination and surly defiance, so, as every new position was carried, a fort was established. Thus the enemy were gradually driven further and further into the hills which were, however, 100 miles in extent. Consequently the work was long and arduous. At this stage Mr Rhodes who had been present with the troops in various engagements decided to try the effect of diplomacy.

'The chiefs were then informed that a truce of twenty-four hours would take place, when he would be prepared to hear what they had to say. The news that the "Big White Chief" desired to meet them was received with pleasure, and, at their request, the truce was prolonged for several days in order to allow all the chiefs plenty of time to arrive at the meeting place. The Matabele hoisted white flags on various positions, and the 22nd August was set apart as the day on which the indunas would meet the only man in Rhodesia who, they believed, would listen with an impartial ear to the story of their grievances or supposed wrongs.

'As the hour for the meeting approached Mr Rhodes accompanied by Dr Sauer, Mr Colenbrander, Vere Stent and two coloured men, John Grootboom and John Makunga, left the camp and wended their way to the meeting place. In a few minutes white flags were observed at the foot of the kopje and, immediately following, came the chiefs Somabulana, Umlugulu, Sikombo, Manyiba and Nyamanda, while at the rear followed an armed band of their followers. On approaching, Mr Rhodes, by the aid of his interpreter, told them that the indaba could not be held in the presence of an armed force, and they must dismiss their armed followers as he (Rhodes) had come unarmed and without any following except his chief men, and he could only listen to the indunas under similar circumstances and conditions. After a slight altercation the terms were agreed to, and the chiefs sent their armed followers back to the foot of the kopje. Each induna in turn now addressed Mr Rhodes, receiving marks of approval from the assembled Matabele whenever they thought the speaker had made a good hit or statement. In

nearly every instance the speeches were of a similar nature. They strongly wished to impress on the white chief that they were not children who could be beaten and treated as such but that the Matabele were men; their warriors had won many victories; they could fight and if necessary would fight again. The black police, although now fighting like men in defence of their country, had in former days ill-treated their wives and daughters and that although they had complained of such usage to the white magistrate, he had taken no steps to punish those who were guilty of the offences. They asked Mr Rhodes to promise that this corps would not be again raised. They also said that they wanted to live in peace with the white man, and had always desired peace, but that the young men, being angered, had broken through all restraint and declined to listen to their chiefs and old men.

'Mr Rhodes, in reply, said he was glad of the opportunity to meet them and that their grievances would receive careful attention. He also agreed with them with regard to the native police, which corps he said would not be again

raised. He, however, strongly accused them of the cowardly and treacherous murder of women and children. War between men, as they said they were, was fair, but those acts were unjustifiable and unpardonable, and the perpetrators must be delivered up to justice. He also said that they must yield unconditionally and consent to a general disarmament, and certain parts of the country would be set apart for their exclusive use.

'At the conclusion of the meeting, which lasted about five hours, the chiefs threw their sticks on the ground intimating that by this act they submitted, and they said that, to the "king of Rhodesia", they would swear allegiance and that henceforth they would regard him as their chief and father.

'Several subsequent indabas where Mr Rhodes was present were held, all ending satisfactorily, and, from the time of the first meeting, the war, as far as the Matabele regular forces were concerned, may be said to have come to an end.

'What force of arms failed to do, Mr Rhodes by diplomatic means succeeded in accomplish-

ing. Thus a happy conclusion was brought to a long and costly war, which was likely to have dragged on for an indefinite time with the loss of many more valuable lives.'

Some idea of the aftermath of the Rebellion can be gained from what the Rev. David Carnegie wrote in 1898 in an article he contributed to a magazine of the London Missionary Society, 'News from Afar'. He writes:

'There never before was such a famine in this country, and no one living outside it will ever know how much pain and suffering thousands of natives went through. We were in the midst of it and saw its ravages with our own eyes. We had to try and save people from dying of hunger whenever we could. We gave out food twice a day to starving men, women and children. The beseeching looks of the hungry mothers, the bitter cries of the little children, and the silent pleading on the part of the men, were very hard to bear ... This was one of the sad results of the war, and, but for the kindly aid of the government, hundreds and thousands more would have perished.'



Salisbury in 1896: a view from the Kopje. (Central African Archives)

Before peace had been restored in Matabeleland, a similar rising took place in Mashonaland where, in June 1896, similar murders were committed on the instigation, it is thought, of envoys from the Matabele, who are said to have threatened reprisals if the Mashona people did not rise as they themselves had. Most of the fighting men had left to help in quelling the Matabele Rebellion and those left behind were not properly organised. Meikle who was in Salisbury, writes:

'It was during the first day of the rebellion that the Nortons were murdered. Mr Norton, accompanied by a coloured man, had gone off to a kraal on the farm to make enquiries about some of the natives who had left their work without permission the previous evening. It is not known how he met his end and his body was never found. The Police patrol sent out from Salisbury to warn the Nortons of the rising found the rest of the family all murdered - Mrs Norton, their baby, their white nurse and their farm assistant. Curiously enough nothing appeared to have been taken away; there was no

looting immediately after the crime was committed.

'At Headlands all possible arrangements for bringing the people together for self protection were made. Those living in the vicinity of Marandellas were brought there also. Three men out trading were murdered while making their way in. At Bromley three men refused to go in to Salisbury when they had the chance and left it too late. They were murdered while trying to make their way into town.'

The European community in Salisbury was at fever heat with excitement as the news of these and other murders arrived. One of its members, Mr Hugh Pollett, has much to tell us about it, particularly in regard to the Mazoe Patrol of which he was a member:

'On June 18th a mass meeting was held in the Market Hall and, by 12 o'clock, every man in the place was there to meet the representatives of the Government, and see what steps were going to be taken to provide for the safety of the inhabitants. Anxiety and responsibility together with indignation, were visible in every

face. Invectives were freely thrown out on all sides against the government on account of the stolid indifference they had displayed whilst all these murders were happening. A Defence Committee was ultimately organised to protect the town and the women and children. It was further agreed that every man should turn up that night at the Barracks to do picket duty round the town if required, and two small patrols were arranged to go to the outlying districts and bring in or give notice to the people living there.

'The first one consisting of five men was sent to the Mtoko district to give warning to the Native Commissioner out there but they never reached their destination and, after one or two narrow escapes, ultimately took refuge at the Jesuit Fathers' farm situated some nine miles from Salisbury.

'The second one was sent to the Mazoe district where it was known some fourteen men and three women were in laager. A van had already been sent out in charge of Mr Blakiston accompanied by Mr Zimmermann to bring in the

women, but as it had not returned, great anxiety was felt for the safety of that party.

'It later transpired that the van had arrived safely and met with no opposition on the road, but it was considered by all advisable to start back at once as rumours had reached there that a large impi was on its way to that district. A start was therefore made as soon as possible. They went in two detachments. The first consisted of Messrs Dickenson, Cass, Faull, Pascoe, Fairbairn and Stoddart, and they took with them two donkeys, a cart and fourteen Mashona carriers, being followed later by the second party with the van in which were the women.

'All went well until they got about three miles from the Mazoe Camp where the natives started firing at them, and to quote Mr Fairbairn's report, on seeing some boys striking something on the ground with their knobkerries, one of their carriers was sent to see what it was and he returned saying that "Missionary Cass is dead". Immediately after this Dickenson was shot dead. Several more rebels appeared on the ridge a short distance off and, on the remaining four

men opening fire, the fourteen carriers threw down their loads and disappeared.

'The party then decided to go back to camp but, scarcely had they turned their cart when Faull, who was driving, was shot through the heart by a native concealed in the grass. He, however, bit the dust three seconds after, being shot almost instantly by Fairbairn. The natives still kept following them up and succeeded in shooting one of the donkeys, which compelled them to leave the cart and make the rest of their way on foot. They soon met the van containing the women and accompanied by the rest of the men, who, on hearing the news, decided to return at once to the laager at the Mazoe camp.

'Before reaching their destination they were fired at from all sides, and no less than fifty natives came out of the grass quite close to their rear and seemed for the moment intent on rushing them. However, by constantly firing and urging on the mules, they were able to reach the rough laager on the kopje at the camp, having lost three men killed in their attempt to come in. A desultory fire was still kept up on the laager

by the natives and the women were obliged to crouch behind the rocks for shelter.

'Shortly after this Blakiston who was a telegraph mechanic but not an operator, offered to go to the telegraph office (a hut situated about 500 yards from the laager) if Routledge, the telegraphist, would go also and send a message to Salisbury asking for relief and describing the situation.

'This was undoubtedly one of the most heroic deeds done in the whole war. Both these men knew they were going to almost certain death, yet they were content to do this rather than let their comrades die unrelieved. They took a horse with them and reached the office safely and the message flashed through to us in Salisbury was "We are surrounded, send us help, this is our only chance, goodbye." Two minutes after sending this both men and the horse lay dead between the telegraph office and the laager. The whole of this desultory war is marked by brave and noble deeds but none was braver or nobler than this.

'All through that day and night the enemy kept up a hot fire. During the night the rebels got within 150 yards of the laager and, although some of them were shot, things looked terribly serious for the inmates. Nothing, however, occurred and day at last dawned when the previous day's tactics of the enemy were resorted to.

'At two o'clock a stir was visible among them all and the Matabele leader was heard to call out for his followers to rush the laager. The besieged knew this meant one of two things, either that it was immediate death to them or that relief was near. Happily it turned out to be the latter as, to use their own words, under a terrific fire, Lieut. Judson and his men galloped up to the laager.

'To return now to Salisbury, I, in company with many more men, turned up on the evening of the 18th June at the volunteer barracks to do picket duty if required, but, finding that a patrol was being got up for the Mazoe relief and having a thorough knowledge of that district through owning some mining property out there,

I volunteered to go and my services were accepted.

'We started at twelve o'clock that night, rather indifferently mounted, though personally I could not complain as, being a light weight, I was given a racing pony that had been successful the week before in carrying off no less than three prizes. Altogether there were seven of us, Lieut. Judson in command, Captain Brown, Troopers Hendriks, Carton-Coward, Honey, Neibuhr and myself, not a very formidable band, but all that could be spared and horsed at the time.

'Nothing much occurred until we got to within a mile of the Salvation Army farm where Mr and Mrs Cass lived. From here we could see one of the ridges covered with natives but, as soon as they saw us, they bolted into their huts and caves like a lot of scared rabbits.

'We kept a keen look-out however, and proceeded in skirmishing order until we reached the farm house. Here we found evidence of natives having recently been there by the still hot embers of a fire. We had lost our way during the night



The Mazoe Patrol. Survivors of the party of fourteen who took refuge at the Alice Mine, and of the two relief forces sent to bring them to Salisbury. The author of the account, Hugh Pollett, is seen kneeling on the right in the front row. (Central African Archives)

and it was now ten o'clock in the morning, and we were only twenty miles from Salisbury. There were seven miles more to do before we got to our destination but, as men and horses were tired and hungry, we decided to off-saddle here for an hour or so to give the horses a rest and feed and get something to eat ourselves. We found plenty of mealies for the horses and some eggs, flour and sour milk on which we made a very fair repast. We entered the house by the window and found it quite deserted, but it gave us the impression of having been left hurriedly as everything was lying about in confusion and the food was only partly consumed. There was a skinned goat hanging up under a tree which had not long been killed, but we decided not to touch it for fear the natives had poisoned it and left it as a bait. During this stoppage three of us were appointed as vedettes in order to guard against surprise, but with the exception of my seeing what looked like a handkerchief being waved at us, and which afterwards was found to be the corner beacon flag of a farm, nothing further occurred.

'Feeling completely revived by the rest and food, we started about twelve o'clock to enter the Mazoe Valley, which Judson, who addressed us before starting, pointed out might prove to be a veritable valley of death. One could not but be struck by the strange quietness pervading everywhere. I had journeyed down the valley a good many times, but never without seeing the natives at work in their mealie fields or other abundant signs of life around me.

'We had not much time to indulge in thought for, after going about a mile, we had to enter a stretch of very tall grass terminating in a perfect jungle in low lying ground. It was a nasty looking place and Judson gave the order to gallop. He passed through first with Brown, Neibuhr and myself following, riding in half section. Just as we were passing the thickest clump I saw the grass and bushes move and knew in an instant what was up. A dozen shots rang out in quick succession from within six yards of the road. Before I had time to do anything my horse gave a terrible plunge and came down on his side pitching me a good ten yards over his head. I still

retained my rifle having taken it with me out of the gun-bucket in my fall. I tried three times to get up but for the moment was unable to do so as all the breath had been knocked out of my body. At last, regaining my feet, I saw Neibuhr lying in the road bleeding profusely and both his and my horse in their last agonies within ten yards of one another.

In the meantime the rest of our party had not been idle and three of the enemy lay dead in the bush. Judson, who had a double barrelled gun loaded with buck shot, accounted for two of them. We had now no time to waste as the natives in front, attracted by the firing, were coming down the hills to stop our advance, so, after helping Neibuhr, who had been shot through the hand, onto Judson's horse, and getting myself up behind Trooper Hendriks, we pushed on as quickly as possible. We still had six miles to go and firing was opened at us now from both sides. Frequently, when coming to thick patches of grass or bush, we stopped to fire a volley into them and then galloped by at a smart pace, but in spite of these precautions, shot

after shot came from the enemy concealed in the grass and we had little or no chance to retaliate.

We were now all impressed with the gravity of the situation and felt that our chances of reaching the Mazoe camp were momentarily becoming less. Judson decided, in case any more of us should get wounded, to stop and endeavour to take up a position on one of the kopjes where we could hold our own so long as our ammunition lasted. Fortunately no further mishap occurred, but after we had gone about four miles, we came upon the donkey cart and the three dead bodies of the men who had striven to come in, as I have told before.

The body of Cass had been carefully covered with grass and bushes, this respect probably being shown to him because he had been a missionary in that district. We now believed it possible that all the inhabitants of the Mazoe laager had been murdered and that we were riding to our certain doom but there was no turning back and we decided, in case we found no trace of them in the laager, we would force our way to the telegraph office, send a message to

Salisbury and wait for relief. Want of ammunition and food were our main difficulties.

'Our feelings can better be imagined than described when, on reaching the last kopje that screened us from the Mazoe laager, he heard sharp firing going on and soon saw it proceeded from the camp and was replied to from the surrounding hills. With a cheer we galloped up to the little fort and were greeted by still louder cheers from the inmates. The enemy poured a raking fire at us on our way up, but happily with no result although the twigs were torn from the trees around and the road in places was literally cut up by the bullets.

'After our arrival the firing slackened off greatly but a strict watch had to be kept, and that night we were all posted at various places in the laager and ordered, on seeing anything, to "first fire then enquire".

'That night the natives made their fires all round us and some were as near as 300 yards. At one time we thought they were approaching the site of our laager under cover of a large rock. Salthouse dropped a few grenades of

dynamite and detonators over the side, which, when exploding, sounded like heavy guns going off, and completely scared whatever natives may have been hanging round there.

'At twelve o'clock that night we held a council and decided to offer a Hottentot boy we had with us £100 and the best horse we had if he would ride into Salisbury with a note to Judge Vincent (the Administrator) asking for assistance. The boy consented to go as soon as the moon had gone down and started off at two o'clock in the morning, by which time it was quite dark and cold. He led his horse as far as the road and, just as we supposed he had reached it, we heard a shot but were unable to form any idea as to whether it had been fired by the enemy or the Hottentot. Naturally our suspense was increased for the safety of the note as well as of the boy.

'He afterwards told us that, on mounting in the road, he accidentally discharged one chamber of his revolver which of course gave warning to the enemy and several shots were fired at him on his way in, although none, happily, took effect and

he was able to get within twelve miles of Salisbury where he met Capt. Nesbitt and thirteen men who had been sent out to look for us. Nesbitt, after reading the note, decided to come on and brought the Hottentot back with him. It was about five o'clock in the morning when we heard heavy firing going on down the valley and, shortly afterwards, that gallant little band of thirteen men came riding round the corner, having encountered no opposition until within a mile or so of us, and luckily had met with no casualties.

'After Nesbitt's arrival consultation was held, and it was resolved to return to Salisbury as soon as the horses had been fed and rested.

'The van in the meantime was made safer by having two sheets of iron placed along each side of it and this certainly saved the lives of the women as a glance at the vehicle afterwards testified. The mules which had brought the van out having strayed, six men were dismounted and their horses harnessed to the van.

'The following is the order in which we started, an advance-guard of five mounted men

and eight on foot: the van drawn by six horses containing the three women, one wounded man, a driver and a whip: the rear guard of 8 men on foot and seven mounted men. I was in the rear guard having been given a fresh horse. We had scarcely gone half a mile when the enemy opened a brisk fire on us from both sides, and it was quite evident that they had foreseen our departure and had taken up their positions accordingly. A native seemed to be posted behind every tree and rock and, although smoke was seen proceeding from the hills and kopjes, seldom could we get a glimpse of the enemy. A peculiar coincidence happened in the early stages of our ride in. I was riding next to Lieut. McGeer and asked him if he would mind changing places with me as I could shoot better mounted that way. The poor fellow declined as he had his hands full with a very restive horse, and strange to say, five minutes after, he was shot dead. He nearly swept me out of the saddle when throwing his arms back with his last gasp.

'When we got opposite the Vesuvius Mine the firing became terrific and Capt. Nesbitt and

Trooper Edmonds were the first to have their horses shot under them. At this point Pascoe got on top of the coach and did much good work by showing us the movements of the enemy and putting in many a telling shot. The kopjes and grass seemed to be alive with natives several of whom were mounted, and these were undoubtedly directing the movements of the others.

'A large number of the natives now began harassing our rear and we were ordered to dismount and fire three or four volleys into them. This kept them off for a bit but they never ceased to harass our rear. All this time the sun was pouring down and men and horses were getting thoroughly done up, several of the former being scarcely able to lift their rifles to their shoulders. Volley after volley was fired into us from the grass at the road side and only the erratic and bad firing of the natives can account for the miraculous escape we had.

'The footsloggers, when too tired, held on to the stirrup leathers of the mounted men and were able thus to gain a little help, and the women in the van were kept busy handing ammunition out

to the men whose bandoliers were exhausted. The worst had, however, yet to come, and at the very place where we lost our horses coming out.

'Before getting there the advance guard were ordered to fire into the bush and grass where last time the natives had hidden, but strange to say, whether they anticipated this action on our part or whether it was by accident, they had removed themselves just about fifty yards higher up the hill and here such a fusillade met our advance guard as completely to disorganise it. Two of the men, Van Staden and Jacobs, were killed together with their horses: Burton and Hendriks were both shot through the face: three of the horses in the van fell mortally wounded and two more horses were killed in the rear guard. Truly it seemed to us now the Valley of Death.

'The grass was simply swarming with blacks and it seemed for a moment that here we must have made our last stand, but the stubborn resistance offered by our men proved too uninviting for the enemy to rush us, and in less time than it takes to tell, the lead horses had been cut free

and the others gallantly pulled the van up the hill.

'Again I had another narrow escape as, in trying to remount my horse, I saw a native only a few yards off placing a cartridge in his rifle which I knew was meant for me. However, as my rifle was loaded, I succeeded in placing him *hors de combat*. In the meantime Arnott and Hendriks, two of the advance guard who had got cut off from us, rode into Salisbury as fast as they could but both their horses were badly wounded and eventually died. They reached the town about five o'clock in the afternoon. The gloom that fell upon the laager in Salisbury on receipt of their news can hardly be described. Hendriks' face was covered with blood and that, combined with Arnott's account of our position, contributed to the gloom. Arnott asked for 100 men and a Maxim as he considered our party could not be rescued with less, but after a long debate the Defence Committee decided that it would be worse than folly to send so many men and rifles at a time when their position in

Salisbury, where there were 180 women and children, was getting desperate.

'All this time we were slowly plodding onwards and nearing the exit from the valley. A slight cessation of firing caused us to be suspicious of the enemy's movements and soon we found that they had altered their tactics and were making for the kopje commanding the entrance to the valley. Lieut. Judson, Lieut. Ogilvie and myself, having the only three horses that were not wounded, galloped on to try and reach the top of this kopje before the enemy. We succeeded in getting up the opposite side and rather surprised some 60 or 70 natives who were coming up at the foot, by letting them have two or three volleys in quick succession. Then for some reason I can never quite account for, I proposed we should cheer which might perhaps make the enemy think reinforcements were at hand. This had the desired effect and the natives immediately began to withdraw and thus afforded us time to get into the open country. The enemy however, soon found their mistake and immediately pursued us again with

a raking fire, but finding they had to expose themselves much more now in order to get a shot at us, they very soon decided this was not the kind of warfare they liked. A few of the more reckless spirits still kept up a desultory fire until we got to the Gwebi river about 12 miles from Salisbury. Here we offsaddled for a time, but a false alarm caused by a troop of Tsessebe coming through the grass induced us to push on to Salisbury where we ultimately arrived at 10-30 that night. We had had 12½ hours incessant fighting and lost three men killed, and five were wounded.

'When we arrived the whole town was in laager and the first sign of life we stumbled against was one of the pickets. On hearing who we were his excitement was so great that he rushed towards the laager with the news. The main guard, seeing him run in, gave the alarm and in a moment the whole wall of the laager presented one long line of rifles, but fortunately the picket soon made himself understood and such was the excitement at the moment that I do not think he was even censured for his conduct.

'By the time that we had arrived at the laager gates every man, woman and child in the place had turned out to do us honour and we were greeted, to use Mr Salthouse's words "as men and women might be who had returned from the dead". Cheer after cheer went up and I think we deserved them.'

Pollett wrote his account of the Mazoe Patrol only nine months after the event took place.

At Umtali the incidence of the Rebellion was less virulent. Harry Montague, who tells us that he was Commandant of Umtali at the time, says that only three men were murdered in the district and that, if they had listened to his warning and had come in immediately, their lives would have been saved.

Cripps gives us further particulars:

'Cannell walked out and told us that the Matabele and Mashona had risen and done a lot of murdering of settlers. He advised us very strongly to go into laager in Umtali. Rumours of our murder had already gone round and I could not understand why the local authorities had not



Old Umtali in 1897: a view of the township when it was being evacuated. (Central African Archives)

told us about the trouble before. Next day I sent for our local headman, Gondo, and told him to arrange for carriers to take our goods to the laager. To this he readily agreed and we were soon back in Old Umtali town, which now resembled a military camp with its commanding officer, non-coms, and privates decked out in all the panoply of war, drills, fatigues and guards being the order of the day and night. A number of men later came down from Headlands and Rusapi together with wives and children and helped to swell our defence force. The natives of the Umtali district, however, remained quiet and the laager was broken up.'

Very shortly after the Rebellion was over, the town of Umtali was moved for the third time. When the Beira-Salisbury railway was being planned it was found that it was impracticable to take it through the town and Cripps tells us that Mr Rhodes persuaded the property owners who had settled there to move to the site of the present town. They received £33,000 in compensation.

Montague adds a point of interest which will probably be new to many people:

'Quite a lot of people do not know the origin of the name Christmas Pass. It came about in this way. Captain Graham, B.S.A.P., asked Lt Tyndale Biscoe, one of the pioneer officers, to get someone to go with him from the original Umtali camp and find a way for a road over the range. Mr Biscoe came to me and asked me to go with him. The police found us horses and we picked out the route over the pass, blazing the trees as we went along, until we got down to where Umtali township now stands. Captain Bruce and a party of B.S.A. Police were sent afterwards to cut the road and camped in the middle of the Pass on the Umtali side of the hill on Christmas Eve, spending Christmas Day there. That is how the name was given to the pass.'

By the end of the winter of 1897 the Rebellion had been stamped out both in Matabeleland and Mashonaland. In the latter the death roll amounted to 450 which, together with the figure for Matabeleland, meant that 10 per cent of the

European population had lost their lives. This terrible setback was only compensated for by the indomitable spirit of the settlers who were not thereby to be deterred from their intention to develop the territory they had so hardly won. The greatest need of the country was for improved communications and steps were being vigorously taken to remedy this while the Rebellion was taking its toll of the inhabitants. Meanwhile the cost of all commodities soared to unheard of prices. Says Meikle:

'Eggs sold on the market at 5/- each, and I knew a man who had two for his breakfast every morning. Two soldiers from Alderson's column walked into a bar and ordered a large German beer, throwing down half-a-crown on the counter to pay for it. The price was 25/-! Whiskey which ordinarily cost about 30/- a case - there was no duty on anything in those days - went up to £12 a case. The first two bunches of grapes grown on Glen Lorne near Salisbury, realised one pound per bunch. They were miserable small bunches, just coloured and not even properly ripe.'

The agitation for the speeding-up of railway construction was not unheeded as it was realised that, if the country was to progress, it could only do so if it had supplies on hand when required.

Meikle nevertheless adds:

'It was not until the railway reached Salisbury and Bulawayo in 1897-8 that things began to look up again. In the interval the country was not, however, at a standstill for the mines were being developed and getting ready for the crushing stage, when the railways would be working and would bring up the necessary machinery.

'As a matter of fact, in 1897 there was quite a boom in mining shares and most of the companies made a lot of money, but the boom was not justified and the reaction that followed had a further depressing result on the country. Land was considered of very little value. Rights to peg a farm of six thousand acres in Matabeleland in 1894 could be bought for £40 to £60. There were no conditions attached to grants and the owners possessed trading, surface and wood rights, so that a farm on the gold belt in a great

many instances brought in thousands to the owners trading leases and wood. When we entered the country in 1892 the cost of a licence was one shilling. This entitled the holder to peg a farm of three thousand acres anywhere on open ground, that is to say, on land not reserved for any special purpose. From 1897 onwards land began to appreciate in value slowly and farms were being occupied and worked.'

On the 4th November, 1897, the first railway train arrived in Bulawayo amid great rejoicings, and signified the end of the first phase of the history of Southern Rhodesia which we call the Pioneer Period. This was followed by the completion of the Beira line as far as Umtali in the following year. It reached Salisbury in 1899.

Alfred Drew ends his reminiscences with a paragraph which sums up the spirit of the Pioneer Period, and what he says would, we may well be sure, be echoed by all those who took the trouble to write down their experiences for our edification. There can be no more suitable and appropriate ending

'I hope these reminiscences will be found interesting. If there is anything in them that sounds like hardship, I wish to say that nobody felt them. We were a lot of young fellows together and there was splendid comradeship and we laughed at everything. There are struggling settlers, some with wives and children, in isolated parts of the country even today, with the worries of debts and other responsibilities to say nothing of sickness, who are having a worse time than we had, and are worthily carrying on the work that Rhodes and the Pioneers started.'

THE RHODESIA PIONEERS' AND EARLY SETTLERS' SOCIETY

The Rhodesian Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society, at whose instigation this volume of pioneer reminiscences has been compiled, was formed in 1904.

On the 23rd August of that year a notice appeared in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* convening a meeting of pioneers and early settlers to be held the same evening for the purpose of forming a 'Pioneers' Society'. This meeting took place in the Court House, Bulawayo, and was attended by forty-two persons. The then Mayor of Bulawayo, Captain W. Baxendale (later Col. W. Baxendale: he was killed in the first World War), was voted to the Chair and after full agreement had been reached to the proposal, a draft constitution was drawn up. The meeting appointed a committee to consider the draft more carefully, and it was, with certain minor amendments, adopted at the second general meeting of the Society. During the intervening 48 years further small amendments have been

made, and those who are entitled to membership are thus today described:

- (a) Members of the Mashonaland Occupation Column of 1890, and members of the Matabeleland Occupation Column of 1893.
- (b) Any person who, on or before 31st December, 1896, was resident in Mashonaland, Matabeleland or the Tati Concession.
- (c) All missionaries, hunters, traders and others who were in Rhodesia previous to 4th November, 1893.
- (d) All those who assisted in the repression of the Rebellion in Mashonaland and Matabeleland in 1896 and 1897.
- (e) To perpetuate the Society all male descendants of those qualified for membership shall be eligible for election.

The objects of the Society are thus described in the Constitution:

- (a) To record the history of the early occupation of the country, together with the names of those men whose struggles against almost insurmountable

difficulties enabled Rhodesia to become a valuable addition to the British Empire, and to maintain esprit de corps amongst those who came to Rhodesia in the early days, and who shared in the exceptional trials and troubles of the occupation and settlement of the Colony.

- (b) To establish scholarships open only to the Male descendants of members of the Society.
- (c) To endow a bed in the Bulawayo Memorial Hospital and other hospitals in Rhodesia.
- (d) To assist any deserving Member of the Society who may have fallen on evil days.
- (e) To devote funds to any Educational, Benevolent, or other objects which the Society may from time to time deem desirable.

The Society began its existence on the 12th September, 1904, with twenty-three foundation members, the original members of the Commit-

tee being Colonel H. M. Heyman, M.L.C. (President), Colonel W. Napier, C.M.G., M.L.C., and Major M. Heany (Vice-Presidents), Messrs J. C. Jesser Coope, H. Marshall Hole, Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Ramsay, Captain W. Baxendale, Messrs John E. Scott, Sidney Redrup, W. Currie and J. Wightman. Although the Society made a somewhat halting start, largely due to its financial inability to implement the purpose of its existence as laid down in the Constitution, it had, at the end of the first ten years of its existence, a total membership of 308 members. As its funds increased it was able to interest itself in a wide range of matters. It assisted its members who had 'fallen on evil days'; it granted scholarships and later formed an Education Trust Fund to provide grants and assistance to enable applicants of any age or sex to proceed with their education and/or vocational training (including maintenance) in any profession, trade, or other walk of life. These benefits were made available in the Rhodesias and in the Union of South Africa and overseas. Further, it interested itself in all matters concerning the proper maintenance

of pioneer memorials and graves, and in many other ways made itself useful to the community. Women pioneers were admitted to honorary membership.

In 1940 the various Pioneer Societies in the Colony, viz. The Pioneer Corps Association (Mashonaland, 1890); the 1890 British South Africa Police Society; the 1893 Columns Society; and the Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society became federated, each Society retaining its individuality and having full control over its own finances.

The Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society is of necessity a closed Society. Its membership is limited to those who were themselves pioneers prior to 1897, of whom very few are now living, and their descendants, many of whom have earned for themselves high places in our midst. Its annual reports contain the obituary notices of its deceased members and these form a valuable record of the lives and doings of the Pioneer generation.

**RHODESIA PIONEERS' AND EARLY SETTLERS'
SOCIETY OFFICE BEARERS, 1953**

Hon. President:

Sir Robert Tredgold, K.C.M.G.

Hon. Vice- Presidents:

B. 'Matabele' Wilson, Esq.

Major C. Paddon

President :

H. G. Issels, Esq.

Vice- Presidents:

C. A. King, Esq.,

S. A. Redrup, Esq.

Trustees :

H. G. Issels, Esq.

C. I. Jacobs, Esq., O.B.E.

Committee:

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W. C. Duly, Esq.

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S. S. Grossberg, Esq., M.B.E.

C. King, Esq., Junr.

W. E. Scot-Russell, Esq., C. A.

H. S. Sly, Esq.

H. Roland Smith, Esq.

Auditors:

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F.S.A. Pugh, Esq., B.Comm., A.S.A.A.

District Representatives:

Gwelo:

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F. A. H. Greenfield, Esq.

Salisbury:

Sir Robert Tredgold, K.C.M.G.

Enkeldoorn:

Eugene Schultz, Esq.

Secretary :

C. W. Botton, J.P.

**RHODESIA PIONEERS' AND EARLY SETTLERS'
SOCIETY**

LIST OF MEMBERS

1869

Elstob, J. D.

Montgomery, Henry Martin

1873

MacKenzie, James Donald

Musson, Alfred

1875

Clark, Vivian Edward

Helm, Charles Daniel

1881

Helm, Alexis G.

1884

Montgomery, G. C. C.

1885

Ballantyne, William

1886

Carnegie, William Arnold

Taylor, Capt. Alfred 'Bulala'

1887

Boyle, Frank

Flanagan, John Henry

Heany, Major Maurice

Johnson, Lt.-Col. Frank, D.S.O.

Wienand, Robert Hildewig

1888

Boggie, Alexander

Brodrick, Harold

Butcher, William Henry Walter

Hartman, Rev. Father A. M.

Querl, August

Rees, Rev. Bowen

Wilson, Benjamin 'Matabele'

1890

Arnott, Sydney Nathaniel

Barnard, Mostyn William

Bray, Reginald
Campbell, Archibald Andrew
Carden, Col. John
Carruthers, John (Jack)
Coope, Major J. C. Jesser
Coryndon, Sir Robert Thorne, K.C.M.G.
Crawford, John Lindsay
Dillon, G. de C.
Dillon, J. de C.
Drew, Alfred
Edge, Albert Edward
Gascoigne, Col. Frederick Richard Thomas
Trench, D.S.O.
Gielgud, Valdemar
Heyman, Lt.-Col. Sir Herman Melville
Inskipp, Major Percy Sidney, O.B.E.
Judson, Lt.-Col. Daniel, O.B.E., V.D., J.P.
Key, John David
Knieser, Henry
Lloyd, Llewellyn Henry
MacDonald, James Angus
Masters, George
Mundell, M. H. G.
Murdoch, Charles Alexander

Nias, Major Frederick Somerset
Nias, J. J.
Nicholls, Major James Edward
Palmer, James
Rand, Richard Frank, M.D., F.R.C.S.
Rudland, Thomas Wilburn
Scale, Edgar
Seccull, A. W.
Smith, Richard Carruthers
Taylor, Sir Herbert John
Taylor, William Moorcroft
Tompkins, Herbert Arthur
Willoughby, Sir John, Bart., D.S.O.
Zaffere, Panardos

1891

Angelbeck, Max
Broome, William R.
Browne, Henry Philip
Bryant, Cecil
Butchard, Robert
Conrath, Charles Frederick
Crewe, Percy Durban
Dymott, William Thomas Dan

Finnie, John Pulsford
Giese, A.
Grey, Capt. George
Hartridge, Sydney
Hole, Lt.-Col. H. Marshall, C.M.G.
Howard, Major Thomas Walter John Wright,
D.S.O.
Humphries, Henry James
Jarvis, William Stokes
Joyce, Joseph
Kirton, Edward George T.
Lawson, James
Lewis, David Morrall
McCay, James Porter
McDonald, Sir James Gordon, K.B.E.
Morkel, Arthur Loreht Rubidge
Morris, Ernest Walter
Morris, Moss Henry
Morison, Murdock William James
Napier, Ronald McDonald
Oates, Frederick
Papenfus, Ludwig Napoleon
Pedlow, Thomas
Rorke, M. J.

Slade, Herbert
Solomon, Harry Alfred
Squair, James
Stokes, Herbert Leslie
Swanson, William George
Wightman, John
Williams, Sir Robert, Bart.
Winchester, Marquis of
Windram, James Foster
Wood, George William
Wrey, Sir Philip Bouchier Sherard, Bart.

1892

Barthelemy, Rev. Mare
Bertelsen, Paul Frederick
Coleman, Thomas Edmund
Cumming, Arthur Raymond
Driver, Thomas Arthur
Du Plessis, John Louis
Fairbridge, Rhys Seymour
Falk, Peter
Hamman, William George
Hill, Herbert Peter
Howard, John William

Hurrell, Major William
Meikle, John
Meikle, Thomas
Metcalf, Sir Charles Herbert Theophilus, Bart.
Paddon, Major Cecil John Somerset
Pieters, Isaac
Robinson, Leonard
Tucker, William Arthur Leigh
Upcher, Ven. Archdeacon James Hay
Warwick, Major J., D.S.O.
Woodbyrne, William

1893

Biehler, Rev. Edward
Boon, Charles Henry Murdock
Bradfield, Edwin E.
Candler, George Curtis
Carruthers, Robert Oliver
Celliers, W. H.
Chawner, Capt. H. W.
Coghlan, John Cornelius
Collier, William Constantine
Cummins, Walter Weild
Curtis, Arthur

Davies, R. G.
Davis, Frederick Augustus Thomas
Denn, John Adam
Eastman, Charles William
Felix, John James
Fisk, Frank
Fletcher, Pat
Forbes, Major Gordon S. D., C.M:G., D.S.O.
Fry, I.
Gray, Henry Willoughby
Greenfield, Frank Arthur Herbert
Grenfell, Lt.-Col. A M., D.S.O., T.D.
Hadingham, Arthur George
Havnar, Charles Leagear
Hay, Alexander Graham
Herbert, L. F. G.
Hickey, G. F. F.
Holloway, Alfred Ernest
Hore, Capt. A. H. J.
Horton, George Thomas
Hunt, George Fitzgerald
Irving, Thomas George
Jamieson, J.
Lamb, James Crichton

Long, Texas
Lovemore, Hector
Lynch, W. P.
MacGillivray, J. A.
Mack, Jack
Matthews, Fletcher
Moffat, Hon. Howard Unwin, C.M.G.
Molyneux, A. J. C.
Napier, Col. William
Nicot, Rev. Father Victor, S.J.
Posselt, H.
Posselt, W.
Potbury, William Henry
Redrup, Sidney
Renders, Henrick Jacobus
Riley, Henry
Roberts, J. W.
Rogers, R. C.
Saloman Charelick
Slot, Rens
Smith, Capt. G. W. Cameron
Southey, Gilmour
Storey, G. E.
Tait, James Tait

Tulley, Charles
Vigne, Dr. Alfred
Waters, Sydney Alfred
Weale, M. E.
West, John Baring
Wilkinson, W. E.
Williams, Harry Hunstman

1894

Austen, John
Barry, John Edward
Beechey, Capt. Arthur Edward, M.C.
Beechey, Horace Horatio
Beesley, Jonathan
Biffin, Samuel John
Blackler, Charles John Alexander
Blackler, Stephen William
Bland, Benjamin Adam
Boggie, Major William James
Bogwald, Peter
Bourne, Albert Edward
Boyes, George James
Bray, Reginald Holden
Bremner, William George

Brewer, Alfred Ernest
Bull, Ernest Edward
Burrows, William Henry
Buske, John Charles
Callaghan, George Henry
Cannell, Arthur Ramsey
Carson, Capt. Bertie Thomas
Cinamon, David
Cletherow, Col. J. B. Stracey, C.B.E.
Congdon, Arthur
Coxwell, George
Crombie, Alexander Robert
Cunningham, A. J.
Currie, Walter
Day, William Charles
De Clercq, J. J.
Dechow, L. T.
Dempster, William
Duly, Major Charles, D.S.O., V.D.
Edwards, O. L.
Erlwanger, Henrich
Evans, David
Evans, Robert John
Farrer, Edwin

Fitt, Thomas Montague
Fletcher, Robert Alexander
Flint, Robert Jeffrey
Fox, Henry Wilson
Fynn, Herbert Pomeroy
Garbutt, Herbert William
Gibb, David
Gilfillan, Clinton Grey
Gradwell, Henry Strickland
Granger, Edgar
Grey, Rt. Hon. Earl, P.C., K.C.M.G.
Haddon, William Henry
Hardy, Alfred Ernest
Hardy, Edward
Havnar, Gordon Bruce
Havnar, Jacob Michael
Henderson, Herbert Stephen, V.C.
Hennessy, Maurice Vincent
Heron, Charles Stuart
Hill, Albert
Hodges, Herbert Septimus
Hoffmann, Otto Karl
Hokonssen, Olaf
Holmgren, Johan Leonard

Honey, William Streak
Hughes, Vivian John Lowne
Huntley, Henry George McDonald
Huxham, Thomas Thorning
Isaac, George Michael
Issels, Francois Gerard Marie
Issels, Henry Gordon
Jacobs, Aaron
Jacoby, Shabrin
Jarman, Sidney
Jenkins, George
Jobling, C. S.
Johnstone, Floris Visser
Joseph, Coleman
Jowitt, Edward
Jurgens, Rudolf Theodor
Kermode, Thomas Edward
Kerr, Lance Ivan
King, Frank
Leach, Thomas Hickey
Leboeuf, Father Louis, S.J.
Lees, William Thorburn
Lenson, John Edward
Lippold, Fred

Lock, R. B.
Longden, Herbert Thomas
MacArthur, Charles Cornish
McDonald, Allan James
McDonald, F. A.
McKay, J. A.
McKenzie, Thomas Henry
MacLachlan, William Malcolm
Makin, Leonard
Marris, Albert Edward
Matthews, George Jerdon
Mills, F. W.
Minnaar, Isaac Joshua
Moutray, F.
Mullins, Frank
Munford, George Ernest
Nash, Richard Benjamin
Newton, Sam
Nichols, John Robert
O'Connor, Thomas Stephen
Olsen, Charles
Paterson, W. R.
Pauling, George
Perry, William Alfred

Philpott, Eric
Pott, William
Rademeyer, Godfried Frederick Johannes
Rees, John Daniel
Rhodes, Col. Frank, C.B., D.S.O.
Rice, Frank
Richards, Walter Brumage
Richardson, John Parke
Rogers, Edward Miller
Rorke, A. C.
Rosick, Paul
Sampson, Lt.-Col. Sir Aubrey Wools, K.C.B.
Scott, George
Scott, John Edward
Shapiro, David
Shiff, Simon
Simpson, William Hutchison
Sly, John William
Smith, John Frederick
Smith, Major Percy George
Solomon, T.
Sperling, Anthony
Swart, Gideon John
Tilbury, John

Tilbury, Thomas John Mangwe
Tomlinson, Major Alfred James
Tully, George
Tweeddale, R.
Tyson, James Todd
Van Blerk, H. E.
Vintcent, Sir Joseph
Warden, John McIver
Watson, J. W.
Watts, F. T.
White, Rev. John
Whiting, Arthur
Wilson, Ben
Wilson, Thomas Arthur
Withey, Frederick Samuel Senington
Wolffe, Isaac

1895

Aserman, Robert
Bateman, John
Baxendale, Lt.-Col. Walter
Becks, Francis George
Beemer, Joseph
Begbie, Ernest Alban

Berger, Capt. Charles Henry
Blanckenberg, Charles Henry
Botton, Arthur James
Botton, Claude Wilfred
Botton, Oswald Victor
Botton, Vivian Alec
Brown, Russell Henry
Burrows, Charles Leopold
Burrows, Douglas Alan
Campbell, Duncan Stuart
Carlisle, H.
Carlyle, Thomas
Carruthers, James
Carter, William A.
Cator, Arthur C. A.
Chataway, Norman Harris
Collins, Capt. Charles, M.C.
Cook, George Panton
Dawes, William James
Dewill, C.
Douslin, Horace Balfour
Driver, William Impey Stanford
Ferreira, Peter Louwrens
Fitt, George Septimus

Flanagan, F. C.
Fleming, Charles David
Gaul, Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop William Thomas
Gell, J.
Gemmell, John
Godwin, Charles John
Gradwell, Lionel Rhodes
Harbord, Ralph Assheton
Harris, James Michael
Hawksley, Douglas
Hendrikz, Charles Alfred
Hulley, Frank Edward
Inskipp, Frank Warren
Jackson, Hugh Morrison Gower
Jackson, Staley Nettleship Gower
James, Charles Willaim John
King, Charles Alfred
Kritzinger, Jacobus Stephanus
Kritzinger, Matthys Lafras
Kritzinger, Peter Hendrick
Lang, Edward John
Lanning, Robert
Leask, Alexander
Liebold, Carl Otto

Loosley, Edwin Livingstone
Loosley, James Samuel
Marais, Barend Daniel
Mercer, Cyril Henry Beauchamp
Mirtle, James
Mitchell, George
Nairn, Robert Miller
Napier, George William Bridel
Nesbitt, Hector Stanley
Normand, James Norman
Pattison, Edward Reginald
Perkin, George Richard Albert
Peters, Ferdinand Theodore
Pingstone, George Arthur
Ramsay, Lt.-Col. William Boswell
Richardson, A. G. Stewart
Robbe, D. O.
Sellar, William
Selmes, Henry Piper
Simon, William Louis
Simpson, Shirley Brittle
Smith, Harold Roland
Smith, John
Smith, Thomas

Stanlake, Rev. John William
Stewart, George
Strong, Dr. Edgar Hugh
Swart, Cornelius Fredrik
Swemmer, Charles Hoeltzer
Tannett, Geoffrey
Taylor, Robert Falkner
Taylor, William Edward
Taylor, William Edwin
Taylor, William Henry
Theron, Harry Francis
Tokely, George
Trollope, Albert John Alfred
Van Niekerk, Andrew
Walker, Robert
Walker, William Brownlee
Walter, John George
Welby, Hugh Earle
Whittington, George
Wilson, Edwin
Winslow, Charles Frederick de Blois
Wood, Frederick
Woollacott, Nathaniel
Young, George

1896

Aschmann, James John

Aserman, Cecil

Athlone, H.R.H. the Earl of, G.C.B., D.S.O.

Atterbury, William Joseph

Babb, Leonard

Balne, Walter

Bathurst, William

Beale, W.

Berthoud, Ferdinand

Boreham, Walter Temple

Brent, Tom Elliott

Brown, F. Simons

Brown, G. W.

Brown, John William

Bull, James

Burnet, Tom

Burrows, Harry

Cary, Frederick William

Cassidy, James

Chivers, George Gilling

Christopherson, Douglas

Clark, Henry

Coleman, William P.

Cumming, George B. Peddie

Czarnikow, Gustave Hans

Daly, Marcus Lewis

Davis, Charles

Delmoral, Marquis Frederick Ramon de
Bertodano

Elliott, William

Fagg, George William

Fisk, Charles

Fletcher, Charles McKenzie

Fuller, Percy Edgar

Galloway, George

Garrett, Alexander Robert

Goldsmid, Louis Lionel

Goldsmith, Stephen John

Gosney, Percy

Green, Charles W.

Grossberg, Solomon Samuel

Hanson, William Arthur

Harley, Edwin Cecil

Hayes, John H.

Henderson, E. F.

Herud, Sigurd

Hill, Henry Arthur

Holland, Arthur Herbert
Holloway, John
Hynd, John
Jarvis, Col. Sir Alexander Weston, C.M.G.,
 M.V.O., D.S.O.
King, George
Landau, Philip David
Lawley, Sir Arthur, G.C.S.L, G.C.LE., K.C.M.G.
 (Lord Wenlock).
Linnell, Michael Gerald
Little, Robert Tunnicliffe
Longmore, Thomas
Macaulay, Murdo
McBarnet, Donald Macpherson
McBarnet, Harold McPherson
MacKenzie, Donald
McKenzie, John (Robbie)
McMurray, Robert
MacQueen, William James
Macey, William Henry
Maidment, Ivor Tom
Mee, James Laurence
Miller, Alfred John
Miller, Henry Burton

Milton, Sir William Henry, K.C.M.G.
Montgomery, John
Moorcroft, S. C.
Morgan, Harry Egerton
Nelson, C. N.
Nicolle, Percy
O'Connor, M.
O'Keeffe, Stephen Martin Lanigan
Pidcock, George Herbert
Plasket, Edward Reginald
Plumer, Field Marshall the Baron, Herbert,
 G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.
Price, William Humphrey
Prior, Capt. H. G. de Montmorency
Rainsford, J., Snr.
Reynard, Capt., Joseph James
Ribbands, Stephen Edgar
Roberts, George
Robbie, John McKenzie
Rodger, Charles Scott
Rosenfels, Sigmund Julius
Russell, Thomas Andrew
Rushton, Harold Evelyn
Schultz, Eugene

Simpson, Henry Thomas
Skillen, James
Smart, Harold William
Smith, Henry Newman
Smith, Lionel Ross
Soutter, William George
Spurrier, Frank
Stenmark, George
Stuttaford, Richard
Stuttaford, Wallace X.
Sutherland, George
Thomson, Alexander Robert
Townsend, Stephen Frank
Turner, Godfrey
Van der Struys, Henry
Warth, Thomas
Webber, Capt. A. H.
Webber, William Charles
Whaley, William Samuel
Wienand, Carl Emanuel Pohl
Wiggins, Philip Arthur
Williams, Alfred Schneider
Wilson, Edwin
Woods, Frederick Edward

Worthington, Frank Vigers
Wright, Charles Benjamin
Yates, Frank Alan
Young, Fred

1897 - Mashona Rebellion

Barnes, Francis Richard
Gibson, Frederick Thomas
Hunt, F. W.
Nicodemi, Hyman Wilhelm
Smith, Henry Lionel
Twilley, J. Shaw

ROLL OF WOMEN PIONEERS
NAME AND (MAIDEN NAME)

1859

Sykes : Mrs. Margaret Charlotte (Kolbe)

1862

Carnegie: Mrs. Mary Margaret (Sykes)

1864

Thomas: Mrs. Caroline Hutchinson (Elliott)

1875

Helm: Mrs. Elisabeth Edouardine (Von Putt
Kamer)

Lovemore: Mrs. Jessie Constance (Helm)

1878

Helm: Miss Annie Kate Winnefried

1882

Hepburn : Mrs. Erica Elise (Helm)

1889

Kirkham : Mrs. Caroline (Thomas)

Lloyd: Mrs. Jessie Margaret (Carnegie)

1890

Quested: Mrs. Johanna Catherine (Greef)

Wilde: Mrs. Cornelia Aletta (Van Rooyen)

1891

Culverwell : Mrs. Emily Jane (Brooks)

Ferreira: Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth (Lange)

Pearmain: Mrs. Janet Susannah (Van der Merwe)

Reed: Mrs. Camilia (Applebee)

Van den Berg: Mrs. Maria Elizabeth (Fourie)

Watts: Mrs. Marion (Lynn)

1892

Acutt: Mrs. Elsie Elizabeth (Moodie)

Brown: Mrs. Cornerler (Venter)

Cowan: Mrs. Charlotte Emily (Webb)

Gifford : Mrs. Phoebe Emma (Glanz)

Hole: Mrs. Ethel Marshall (Rickman)

Hurrell : Mrs. Florence Annie (Dearsley)

King: Mrs. Mary Alice (Webster)

Maritz: Mrs. Elsie Margarietha Aletta Fredericka
(Stopforth)

Parker: Mrs. Sarah Johanna (Niemand)

Rae: Mrs. Christina Johanna (Maritz)

Renders: Mrs. Tensina Christina (De Klerk)

Roberts : Mrs. Eveline Frances Jemima
(Coleman)

Taylor: Mrs. Mary Monica Garrett (Marshall
Hole)

Van Niekerk : Mrs. Margaret Agnes (Brown)

Wiley : Mrs. Grace (Hurrell)

Zeederberg : Mrs. Hendrika Maria (Albasini)

1893

Blatch: Mrs. Emily (Hewitt)

Cripps: Mrs. Mary Constance (Lovemore)

Du Plessis : Mrs. Magdalena Petronella
Catherina (Martiz)

Fincham : Mrs. Jacoba (Nel)

Human: Mrs. Aletta Maria (Moolman)

1893

Lamb: Mrs. Eleanor Roxina

Light: Mrs. Anna Wilhelmina (Strobel)

Meilandt : Mrs. Kathleen Devereux (Bognall)

Nason : Mrs. Mary Ann (Megeer)

Pretorius: Mrs. Katherina Jacoba (Koen)

Slot: Mrs. Ann (Pullen)

Withers: Mrs. Rebecca (Nason)

1894

Bain : Mrs. Alice May (Cumming)

Barker: Mrs. Alice Elizabeth (Storm)

Beechey: Mrs. Elizabeth (Simpson)

Beechey: Mrs. Elizabeth (Gwynne)

Bews: Mrs. Winifred (Beechey)

Bezuidenhout, Miss Cornelia Maria

Black: Mrs. Annie (Prescott)

Blackbeard : Mrs. Flora (MacDonald)

Blackler: Mrs. Maria (Watters)

Brent: Mrs. Prudence Mary Anne Theresa
(Gifford)

Burnett: Mrs. Sarah Petronella (Bouwer)

Cooper: Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth (Montgomery)

Corbett : Mrs. Effie Priscilla (Havnar)

Cornthwaite : Mrs. Bessie (Reid)

Cornthwaite : Mrs. Constance (Froneman)

Coutts : Mrs. Lizzie (Watt)

Crause: Mrs. Maud Winifred (Wardle)
Davison : Mrs. Emily Louisa (Stoodley)
De Meyer : Mrs. Anna Elizabeth (Coetzer)
Dickinson: Mrs. Millicent Irene (Van Wyk)
Du Preez : Mrs. Johanna Corneli (Kok)
Eyles : Mrs. Johanna Jacomena Francis (Larkin)
Ely: Mrs. Clara (Bugden)
Ferreira : Mrs. Alice Ramsey (Cannell)
Frost: Mrs. Annie (Wardle)
Goudvis : Mrs. Bertha Frances Annie (Cinamon)
Gradwell : Mrs. Celia Jane (Hill)
Gradwell : Mrs. Emile Elizabeth Jane (Manley)
Greef: Mrs. Elizabeth Maria (Gibson)
Harmer : Agnes Manica (Moodie)
Hartzenburg: Mrs. Martha Madelina (Devener)
Havnar: Mrs. Phoebe (Legear)
Hay: Mrs. Antoinette Rubina Elizabeth (Van Aardt)
Hefer : Mrs. Martha (Boshoff)
Herbert: Mrs. Sarah Johanna (Rademeyer)
Heyman : Lady Frances Patton (Impey)
Hill: Mrs. Margaret Isabella (Squair)
Hocking: Mrs. Annie (McCabe)

Huntly : Mrs. Jessie Alexandrina Elizabeth (Blackler)
Isaac: Mrs. Ena Ann (Beckwith)
Issels : Mrs. Margaret (Downing)
James: Mrs. Helen Maria (Sinclair)
Judson: Mrs. Wilhelmina Freestone (Eckard)
Lewis : Mrs. Hermina Frances (Shawe)
Love: Mrs. Ethel (Wardle)
Matthysen: Mrs. Jacoba Magdelina (Meinges)
Michaelis : Mrs. Clarice Leanora (Cinamon)
Millar: Mrs. Bliss Annie (Cumming)
Morrison: Mrs. Irene Margaret (Gradwell)
MacDonald : Mrs. Jessie (Kinnear)
McLeod: Mrs. Agnes (Kinnear)
McPherson: Mrs. Theneszrena Christina (De Beer)
Nel : Mrs. Gertruida Louisa (Kok)
Nicholson: Mrs. Elizabeth Anne (Armstrong)
Nunn : Mrs. Mary Alice (Kinnear)
Ogilvie: Mrs. Catherine Alice (Jones)
Peters: Mrs. Anna Maria (Younge)
Pohl : Mrs. Catherine (Cronje)
Rademeyer: Mrs. Anna Frances Christina (Erasmus)

Rademeyer: Mrs. Sarah Matilda (Herbst)
Rainar: Mrs. Miriam (Van Rooyen)
Robins: Mrs. Daisy Maria (Bain)
Rosenfels : Mrs. Jessie Elizabeth (Gibson)
Russel : Mrs. Amy Atherstone Scot (Cumming)
Shinn : Mrs. Edith Maud Millvina (Gifford)
Southwell : Mrs. Ethel (Finaughty)
Squair: Mrs. Mary (McIntosh)
Stead: Mrs. Ida Gwynne (Beechey)
Swain: Mrs. JohannaMaria (Botha)
Talbot: Mrs. Florence Marion (Bain)
Tilbury: Mrs. Helen (Hawke)
Van der Struys : Mrs. Petronella Katrina
(Pretorius)
Vickerman: Mrs. ClaraJane (Illingworth)
Wardle: Mrs. Johanna (Ludick)
Watmore : Mrs. Julia Tomlin (Ely)
Watt: Mrs. Annie (Fisher)
Williams: Mrs. Alice Maude (Vickerman)
Willows: Mrs. Florence Lydia Macloutsie Oxden
(Reilly)
Wilson: Mrs. Cecillia Katherine (Gibson)
Wilson: Mrs. Louisa (Meyer)
Wilson: Mrs. Margaret Maria (Blackler)

Wilson: Mrs. Margaret (Gibson)
Wright : Mrs. Ruby Felecia (Wentworth)

1895

Badenhorst: Mrs. Laura Cecily Mary (Pretorius)
Bagnall : Mrs. Lavina (Cawood)
Beesley: Miss Cicely Joan
Beesley: Mrs. Margaret Letitia (Mew)
Berry: Mrs. Catherine Cornelia (Van Niekerk)
Botha: Mrs. Jacoba Maria (Kritzinger)
Botton : Mrs. Marion (Carruthers)
Clark: Mrs. Katherina Sophia (Martiz)
Clarkson: Mrs. Emily Jane (Hocking)
Coetzer: Mrs. Herculena Johanna (Steyn)
Corbett : Mrs. Effie Pricilla (Havner)
Davies : Mrs. Annie Octavia (Bowker)
De Klerk: Mrs. Dina Gertruida (Fourie)
Dowell: Mrs. Elizabeth Mary (Ferwin)
Eastman: Mrs. Albertina (Steffan)
Finch: Mrs. Violet Caroline (Eastman)
Fletcher : Mrs. A. A. (MacDonald)
Fotheringham: Mrs. Ethel Marion Jane
(McDonald)
Hawkins : Mrs. Emily (Wilson)

Hughes: Mrs. Lily Maria (Eastman)
Rose-Innes: Mrs. Eva (Gladwin)
Jacobs : Mrs. Rose (Frank)
Jones: Mrs. Herculine Johanna (Coetzer)
Kirk: Mrs. Marguerite (Raubenheimer)
Kloppers : Miss Aletta Elizabeth
Kritzinger : Mrs. Aleta Maria (Vermaak)
Kruger : Mrs. Cornelia Maria (Bezuidenhout)
Little: Mrs. Edith Dalton (White)
Ludeke : Mrs. Susanna Catharina (Nortje)
Maritz: Mrs. Susanna Johanna (Kok)
Markham: Mrs. Katherina (Ferreira)
Montgomery: Mrs. Johanna Magdalena
(Kritzinger)
Montgomery: Mrs. Susanna Elisabeth (Strydom)
Moorcroft : Mrs. Johanna (Van Neikerk)
McDonald: Mrs. Elizabeth Mary (Van Eden)
McDonald: Mrs. Sophia Agnese (Fitt)
Nauhaus: Mrs. Maria Aletta (Jordaan)
Posselt: Mrs. Susanna Anna (Jordaan)
Rayner: Mrs. Florence Natalie (Richardson)
Renton : Mrs. Emily Ann (Richards)
Rhynas : Mrs. Jane Miller (Wood)
Smith: Mrs. Florence Kate (Hill)

Staines: Mrs. Martha Johanna (Ferreira)
Steyn: Mrs. Aletta Elizabeth (Van Heerden)
Symington : Mrs. Johanna (De Klerk)
Thwaites: Mrs. Hilda Inez (Botton)
Toshack : Mrs. Ellen Jessie (McDonald)
Tucker: Mrs. Madge (Bognall)
Tulloch : Mrs. Zilla Marian (Miles)
Van der Struys : Mrs. Petronella Kathleen
(Pretorius)
Whyte: Mrs. Florence Marion (Cowdray Easton)
Wood: Mrs. Maria Amelia (Cooper)
Woods: Mrs. Margaret Marion (Beesley)
Wollacott: Mrs. Dorcas Barber (Cock)

1896

Allmark: Mrs. Mary (Less)
Andrews: Mrs. Emily Elsie (Watson)
Ashburner : Mrs. Mary Isabella (Chalmers)
Bovell : Mrs. Edith Mazoe (Judson)
Bradnick : Mrs. Dirkie Jacoba (Olwage)
Bradshaw: Mrs. Letitia (Ferns)
Bridger: Mrs. Ivy Nesta (Fisher)
Carey : Mrs. Zillah (Hulley)
Cashel : Mrs. Alice Marion (Nunn)

Chawner: Mrs. Annie Shaw (Driver)
Colteman-Cronin : Mrs. Hariette Maud (Driver)
Cumming: Mrs. Isabella Magdalena (Van Niekerk)
Driver: Mrs. Maria Boyce (Impey)
Engelbrecht: Mrs. Catherina Sophia (Lottering)
Evans: Mrs. Ida (Mulliner)
Fisher: Mrs. Elizabeth Ann (Burnett)
Fitt : Mrs. Sarah Amelia (Adams)
Gwynne: Mrs. Emily Gertrude (Markham)
Hutson : Mrs. Hilda Seymour (Fairbridge)
Jacobs : Mrs. Johanna Susanna (Engelbrecht)
Knighton: Mrs. Violet Eliza (Stuttaford)
Logan: Mrs. Susanne Elisabeth (Montgomery)
Lottering: Mrs. Jakoba A. (Maritz)
Maritz: Mrs. Eliza Mary (Haines)
Montgomery: Mrs. Claude (Scott)
Mayes: Mrs. Rose (Dunn)
Pratt: Mrs. Ililda Ann Browning (Stuttaford)
Redrup : Mrs. Gertrude Fenella (Clarke)
Reeves: Mrs. Christina Annandale (Lamb)
Schmidt : Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth (Stanley)
Simpson: Miss Beatrice Maud
Simpson : Mrs. Mary Ellen (Dunn)

Squair: Mrs. Ellen Thompson (McNeilage)
Stamper: Mrs. Florence May (Yeatman)
Stanley: Mrs. Margaret Wilhelmina (Carr)
Stuttaford: Miss Lilian Emily
Stattafor : Mrs. Mary Ann (Pearce)
Van Eden: Mrs. Dena Corelena (Kamp)
Walker: Mrs. Eliza Jane (Watkins)
Warwick: Mrs. Lillian Jane (Watson)
Watson: Mrs. Johanna Magdalena (Hamman)
Yeatman : Mrs. Johanna (De Beer)

SONS OF MEMBERS TRANSFERRED TO FULL MEMBERSHIP

Angelbeck, Max Ernest
Arnott, George Edmund
Arnott, Robert Sydney
Babb, B. J.
Badenhorst, Thomas
Bain, Guybon Alexander Terral
Balne, Walter Vincent Bouchier
Barnes, Eric
Barrand, George Harold
Bathurst, Alan Chickele
Baxendale, Oliver Robert
Becks, Francis Micheldean
Beemer, Abe M.
Bennett, John William
Berger, Robert Cecil
Berger, William Adolph
Berry, Guybon Cumming
Black, Charles Walter
Bland, Brownlee Walker
Bland, Lindsay Browning
Bland, Patrick Cunningham -

Boardman, Neville Crause
Botton, Derek
Bourne, Anthony Edward
Bourne, Charles Anthony
Brewer, Alfred Dalton
Bridger, Thomas John Sidney
Brodrick, Charles Cecil
Broome, Samuel Robert
Browne, Vernon Dennison
Burnet, Gordon Stewart
Burrows, Charles Harry
Burrows, Harry Henderson
Bushney, George Henry
Carnegie, Balfour Johnston
Carnegie, Bernard Arnold
Carruthers, Leslie Raymond
Carruthers, Raymond Vivian James
Caspereuthus, R. F.
Chataway, Anthony Drinkwater
Collins, Dudley Charles
Coxwell, George Loreth
Crawford, John Montgomery
Cremer, John Henry
Culverwell, Dudley Dennill

Cumming, Roualeyn Gordon
Cunningham, Basil Melville
Cunningham, Frank Arthur
Daly, Marcus
Dickenson, Hubert George John
Duffy, Clifford Gavan
Duly, Charles Harris
Duly, William Cecil
Edwards, Herbert Orlando
Edwards, John Joseph
Edwards, Stanley Edward
Elliott, William Henry
Finch, Francis Edward
Finnie, Frederick Leslie
Finnie, John William
Fitt, Eric Harry
Fitt, David Guy
Fitt, John Westridge Montague
Fitzgerald, G. P.
Fleming, Charles James Wallace
Fleming, Donald Milroy
Fleming, Kenneth McKenzie
Fletcher, Hugh Murray
Fletcher, Robert Kenneth

Fletcher, Patrick Bisset
Fredman, Norman Victor
Fredman, Ralph Guss
Fuller, James Herbert Frederick
Fuller, Percy Richard Wilson
Gelman, Abe
Gelman, Mark
Goldsmith, John Leicester
Gosney, Barry Dennis
Graham, Allan Albert
Gray, Norman Willoughby
Gray, Ronald Willoughby
Halsted, Robert Francis
Hamman, Johannes Jurgens
Hamman, Pieter Hendrick
Hamman, William
Harley, Edwin
Harris, George William
Havnar, Eric Jake
Havnar, Reginald Charles
Hawksley, John
Hefer, Daniel Gideon
Henderson, A. S. A.
Henderson, I. M.

Henderson, Stephen Wyatt
Hendrie, George Bruce
Hendrie, Ian Fife
Hendrikz, Eric Middleton
Hendrikz, Neville Charles
Hendrikz, Vernon Campbell
Hennessy, Geoffrey Vincent
Herud, Harold Sigurd
Hill, Herbert
Hill, John Martin
Hodges, J. B.
Hoffmann, Richard Gustav Otto
Holland, Douglas Orpen Huntley
Honey, Cecil Leander
Horton, Orvell Carlton
Hunt, William Fitzgerald
Hurrell, Dave Dearsley
Hurrell, Geoffrey Dearsley
Hurrell, Stewart Seaton
Iljon, Dr. Aron Wulf
Iljon, Benjamin
Inskipp, James Russell
Isaac, Vivian George
Jackson, Ernest Gordon

Jackson, Hugh Gower
Jackson, Staley Jack Pascal
Jackson, Wilfred Morrison
Jacobs, Cecil Isadore
Jacobs, Ridley Saul
Jacobson, L.
Jacobson, Nathaniel
Jacoby, Cyril Jolm
Jacoby, Norman Maurice
Jarvis, Eric William George
Jelks, Francis Howard
Jennings, Roy Oliver
Johnson, Capt. Cyril Frederick
Johnson, Capt. Frank Barnard
Joseph, Hugh Mortimer
Joseph, Ian Desmond
Joseph, Rex Coleman
Joseph, Victor
Judson, Daniel Sivewright
King, Charles
Kollenberg, David
Kollenberg, Henrie
Kollenberg, Isadore
Kollenberg, L.

Landau, Cyril
Landau, P. D.
Leach, Peter Anthony
Lenson, John Edward
Lewis, David Greswolde
Lewis, John Gordon
Light, Allan Lascelles
Light, George Edward Owen
Light, Henry Frederick Newton
Light, H. P. W.
Light, Ivan Arthur Raleigh
Light, James Arthur Lawson
Light, J. A.
Light, Victor Clarence
Liptz, Harry
Longden, H. W. D.
Loosley, Edwin William
Loosley, Norman Livingstone
Mee, Lawrence Holyroyd Brooke
Meikle, Douglas
Meikle, Alan James
Meikle, Cyril Stewart
Meikle, David Morell
Meikle, Evian Campbell

Meikle, Gordon Stewart Campbell
Meikle, John Morell
Meikle, Ian Campbell
Meredith, Cyril Claude
Miller, S. H.
Mirtle, William Gibb Pollock
Moffat, Robert Livingstone
Montgomery, George Charles Coleman
Morkel, Arthur Reginald Southey
Morris, Leslie Herbert
Murray, Edwin Ronald
McArthur, Colin McKenzie
McArthur, Errol
McCay, Harry Porter
McCay, James Ulrich
MacDonald, Hector Norman
McKenzie, William Ross
MacLachlan, Donald Ewen Malcolm
MacLachlan, Francis Graham
Napler, Basil Bredell
Napier, Cecil George Bredell
Napier, Harold William
Napier, Ronald McDonald
Napier, Victor Blake

Nesbitt, Edgar Roland
Nesbitt, August Chapman Ernest
Newton, Samuel Mackay
Nicholle, Stanley Rex
Nicholson, John Dover
Nicolle, John Le Maistre D'Auvergne
Nicolle, Phillip Edward Nicholas
Normand, Henry Leicester
Normand, Patrick Hill
Oates, Reginald John Stafford
O'Reilly, Alfred William
Orpen, Francis Lisle
Paddon, John Rollo Somerset
Peake, Raymond Albert George
Paterson, Redford John Ferrier
Pattinson, Robert
Pattison, Edward Trevor
Perry, Alfred Morgan
Perry, Charles William
Philpott, Lancelot Eric Frank
Philpott, Roy
Pingstone, Henry Arthur
Plasket, Percival Godfrey
Powell, John Folly Arton

Pretorius, Matthew John
Querl, A. H.
Querl, Douglas Clifford
Querl, John Henry Carl
Redrup, Sidney Aston
Renders, Laurence Christian
Riley, Percy John Covell
Rixon, Bob Meredith
Robertson, James Henry Gordon
Robinson, Addison Hime
Rodger, Douglas Scott
Rodger, John Stuart Scott
Rodger, John William Scott
Rodger, Robert Charles Scott
Rodger, Ronald Fraser Scott
Rodger, William
Rorke, Glynne William
Rorke, Maurice James
Rorke, Michael Vernon
Russell, Wilfred Eric Scot
Scott, George
Seale, Edgar Alfred
Shawe, Henry Adrian
Shiff, Clive

Shiff, Harry
Simpson, Albert Ernest
Simpson, Reginald Arthur
Simpson, Walter Brittle
Singer, Albert Edgar
Sissing, Clarence Yule
Skillen, Cecil James
Sly, Arthur Graham
Sly, Herbert Stanley
Sly, John Haddon
Smallie, Frederick
Smart, Harold John Alan
Smith, Alexander John
Smith, James Creswick
Smith, Kenneth
Smith, Roland Creswick
Squair, Alfred James
Strong, Hugh Lincoln
Swanson, William Gower Frederick
Taylor, Arthur Faulkner
Taylor, William Leslie Moorcroft
Theron, Bertram Henry
Theron, Frank Bune
Thomas, Owen Morgan

Thomson, John Lees
Townsend, Charles Southcote
Townsend, Stephen John
Tredgold, Sir Robert Clarkson, K.C.M.G.
Tucker, Charles Edward
Tulley, George William Isaac
Tulloch, Major Ewan, D.S.O., M.C.
Van Niekerk, Herbret Dunstreville
Van Niekerk, Richard Andrew
Vigne, Jack Stacey
Walker, William James
Whaley, William Rae
White, Herbert Azlack Moresby
Whyte, Alfred George
Whyte, Brewster Bryan
Whyte, Hugh Victor
Wienand, Aubrey
Wienand, Andrew Carinus
Wienand, Carl Emmanuel Pohl
Wightman, John
Wilde, Cornelius Van Rooyen Carl
Wilde, Percy Edward
Williams, Benjamin Austin
Williams, Charles Henry Austin

Williams, Gerwyn David Bowen
 Wiiliams, Ronald Austin
 Willows, Arthur Douglas Oxden
 Willows, Mostyn Alfred Oxden
 Willows, William St. George Oxden
 Wilson, Edwin Lancelot
 Wilson, Philip
 Windell, Daniel John Dalton
 Winslow, Charles de Blois
 Wolffe, Hyman
 Wood, Andrew Melville
 Wood, William Henry
 Woollacott, Charles Harry
 Wright, Eric Leslie
 Wright, Gillispie Charles
 Yates, Frank Harold
 Yates, Ryk Allan
 Zeederberg, Allan Vane

**SONS OF MEMBERS REGISTERED AND YEAR OF
 BIRTH**

Arnott, George Graeme 1941
 Baring, Charles Evelyn 1937

Bartels, John Emil Carl 1944
 Bawcombe, Lee Randall 1938
 Berry, Clive Ronald 1946
 Berry, John Macdermaid 1944
 Berry, Thomas Richard 1940
 Black, Ernest David 1940
 Bland, Joseph Antony 1944
 Bland, Kenneth Colin 1938
 Bland, Patrick Lindsay Dorey 1942
 Botton, Brian Vivian 1934
 Botton, Hilton Graham 1932
 Botton, Keith John 1932
 Bowker, Brian 1935
 Breare, Daniel James 1944
 Breare, William Edward 1936
 Brown, Robert James Gray 1944
 Campbell, Hendrik Colin 1940
 Carlisle, Richard Eugene ----
 Carnegie, Alan 1941
 Carnegie, Ian Arthur Thomas 1941
 Carnegie, U. M. 1928
 Cinamon, John Victor 1932
 Cliff, Michael Lancelot John 1940
 Clinton, Rodrick John 1936

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|--------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------|------|
| Clinton, Michael Napier | 1931 | Gascoigne, Alvary Douglas Frederick | ---- |
| Collins, Jonathan | 1939 | Godden, Vernon Douglas | 1935 |
| Cooper, Dennis Alfred Lermite | 1932 | Goodwin, Cecil Paul Duly | 1941 |
| Cox, Christopher George | 1942 | Graham, Neil Jonathan | 1950 |
| Cox, John Anthony | 1938 | Grant, Michael Patrick | 1932 |
| Crawford, John Lindsay | ---- | Gray, Robert Norman Willoughby | 1937 |
| Cremer, Bruce Arthur | 1941 | Greaves, Geoffrey Huyshe | 1941 |
| Cripwell, John Archie | 1934 | Greaves, George Robert Louis Huyshe | 1938 |
| Davis, Allan | 1933 | Harris, Alan Edward | 1940 |
| Davis, Michael John | 1945 | Harris, David Lennard | 1945 |
| Dickinson, Anthony | 1947 | Harris, Charles Anthony | 1948 |
| Dugmore, Peter Balfour | 1938 | Havnar, Gordon Bruce | ---- |
| Duly, Bryan Charles | 1940 | Hawksley, Geoffrey Vernon | 1935 |
| Edwards, Orlando Llewellyn | 1945 | Hawksley, Stephen Douglas | 1933 |
| Edwards, Rowan Llewellyn | 1945 | Hendrikz, Vernon Russell | 1940 |
| Fitt, Rupert | 1931 | Hennessy, Patrick Vincent | 1943 |
| Fleming, Bruce John Wallace | 1939 | Holland, Guy Huntley | 1934 |
| Fleming, John Stanley Milroy | 1943 | Honey, Halstead Con | 1934 |
| Fleming, Patrick David Cameron | 1937 | Horton, George Thomas | 1934 |
| Fuller, Derek Wilson | 1945 | Horton, Orville James | 1951 |
| Fuller, Edgar Douglas Ross | 1942 | Howard, Basil Aubrey de War | ---- |
| Gaitskell, Charles Edward | 1945 | Howard, Stanley Herbert | ---- |
| Gaitskell, John David | 1947 | Hutchins, John William Stuart | 1933 |
| Gallico, Christopher Huish | ---- | Jackson, Tom Staley | 1944 |

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|-------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------|------|
| Jacoby, Alan James | 1947 | MacLachlan, Nigel Keith | 1938 |
| Jacoby, Barry Dane | 1945 | McQueen, Ronald Brodie | ---- |
| Jennings, Bevan Hamilton | 1932 | Matkivitch, Brian Anthony | 1941 |
| Kay, Robert Gordon | 1940 | Matkovitch, Peter James | 1942 |
| Kerr, Christopher | 1944 | Matkovitch, Roy Michael | 1944 |
| King, Caldon | 1943 | Meredith, Bruce Hilary | 1947 |
| King, Champ | 1942 | Meredith, Raleigh Llewellyn | 1946 |
| King, Conley | 1947 | Meredith, Vaughan Owen | 1934 |
| King, Coran | 1949 | Mirtle, Edward | 1938 |
| Landau, David Michael | 1945 | Mirtle, James Robert | 1936 |
| Landau, Peter William | 1948 | Mirtle, Richard | 1941 |
| Lander, Keith Pascoe | 1937 | Moffat, Howard John | 1945 |
| Lander, Roy Pascoe | 1935 | Moffat, Robert Bruce | 1948 |
| Leach, John Michael James | 1933 | Moorcroft, Leonard William | 1946 |
| Light, Walcolm Peter Raleigh | 1946 | Moxon, John Ralph Thomas | 1944 |
| Light, Raymond Donovan Wayne | 1948 | Nesbitt, Derek Roy Deering | 1949 |
| Lloyd, Patrick Donald | ---- | Nesbitt, Frederick Ian Harding | 1946 |
| Lucas, D. M. | 1935 | Nieuwenhuys, E. J. | ---- |
| MacDonald, Jack Kinnear | ---- | Oakley, Ivan Edmund | 1942 |
| MacGregor, Hamish Ian | 1932 | Oakley, Norman Sonley | 1947 |
| MacGregor, Robin Thomson | 1935 | Palmer, C. V. | ---- |
| McKinlay, Patrick George | 1943 | Palmer, G. A. | ---- |
| McKinlay, Evan William | 1938 | Palmer, M. E. | ---- |
| MacLachlan, Kenneth William Francis | 1934 | Palmer, R. C. | ---- |

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|------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------|------|
| Palmer, R. G. | ---- | Sissing, Walter Dennill Yule | 1934 |
| Parry, David Frederick Anthony | 1939 | Smart, Richard John | 1952 |
| Peake, Michael Raymond Cyril | 1943 | Smith, George Malcolm | ---- |
| Philpott, Dorien Eric | 1939 | Smith, Oliver France Creswick | 1936 |
| Preston, Edward Robert Colbeek | 1933 | Smith, Peter Jon Walter | 1950 |
| Preston, Thomas Leighton Colbeek | 1937 | Smith, Rodger | 1935 |
| Pybus, Christopher Charles | 1945 | Soutter, G. B. | 1934 |
| Querl, Brian Lionel | 1942 | Soutter, W. B. | 1933 |
| Querl, Gary Vincent | 1943 | Swanson, Timothy William | 1942 |
| Querl, John Douglas | 1938 | Tanser, Timothy | 1944 |
| Querl, J. H. C. | ---- | Thomas, Antony Sanby | 1942 |
| Renders, Hendrik Jacobus | 1932 | Thomas, Goerge Owen Morgan | 1945 |
| Resink, Henry Gordon Issels | 1947 | Thomas, Spencer Thomas Morgan | 1944 |
| Robinson, Shaun Rosser | 1937 | Thomson, Alexander Robert | 1939 |
| Robinson, Thomas Rosser | 1934 | Tullis, Douglas John | 1936 |
| Rodger, Anthony John Charles Scott | 1946 | Walker, Stanley Paul | 1933 |
| Rodger, I. W. | ---- | Whiley, Michael Barnard Ellard | 1932 |
| Rodger, J. O. K. | ---- | Whiley, Terence | 1936 |
| Rosenfels, Charles Albert | 1938 | Whittington, George Thomas | ---- |
| Rosenfels, Sigmund Julius | 1931 | Whyte, George Hay | 1932 |
| Rubenstein, Anthony Brian | 1946 | Whyte, Victor Vernon | 1934 |
| Scott, Graham Hendrie | 1941 | Wienand, Andrew John Carl | 1934 |
| Shaw, John Robin Huntley | 1932 | Wienand, Anthony Haigh Pohl | 1941 |
| Singer, Morris John | 1939 | Wienand, George Robert | 1942 |

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| Wienand, Leslie Carlie | 1940 |
| Wienand, Neville Aubrey | 1941 |
| Wightman, Charles Lorimer | 1938 |
| Wightman, John | 1936 |
| Williams, Benjamin Huntsman | 1944 |
| Williams, Clive Howard | 1945 |
| Williams, Peter Dalton | 1938 |
| Williams, Richard Hugh Howard | 1947 |
| Williams, Trevanion David | 1937 |
| Withers, Leslie Stephen | 1933 |

